LOOKING FORWARD

WE ARE GLAD to be able to print in this issue Dr. Karl Menninger's views on a subject which holds an ever-increasing interest for adult Americans: psychoanalysis. From our own observations, we should say that no other modern discovery is so consistently misunderstood and generally misinterpreted as are those discoveries in connection with the unconscious mind made by Freud, Jung, Adler, and others.

PSYCHOLOGY ITSELF, of course, is nothing more or less than the general study of human nature. Psychoanalysis, on the other hand, is a method of getting at the human nature of the individual in question—getting a real view of him, unobstructed by the individual's own intellectual processes. Granted that such a view is wanted, it is evident that some such method has been needed for a long time. Any one who has observed even superficially the extent to which certain of his acquaintances "fool" themselves does not need to be convinced of that. Only a trained observer can secure a truthful view of all the facts. The individual himself, no matter how intelligent, is debarred from getting a completely unbiased and clear view. For the "facts" in question are psychic or emotional tendencies and not intellectual concepts.

FOR MORE OR LESS normal people, probably the greatest good which can come from being analyzed is a greater honesty with themselves, resulting in an understanding of their own tendencies—or complexes—and a consequent adjustment with reality which allows them to get more happiness out of life. For genuinely sick or ill adjusted people, it provides one more method of diagnosis which goes deeper than medicine used to, and can be of immense assistance to the medical profession.

AS AN AID to a philosophy of self-reliance it has proved of inestimable value. We should not be surprised if in time it affects the hitherto harsh judgments of men to such an extent that genuine charity for all makes its appearance.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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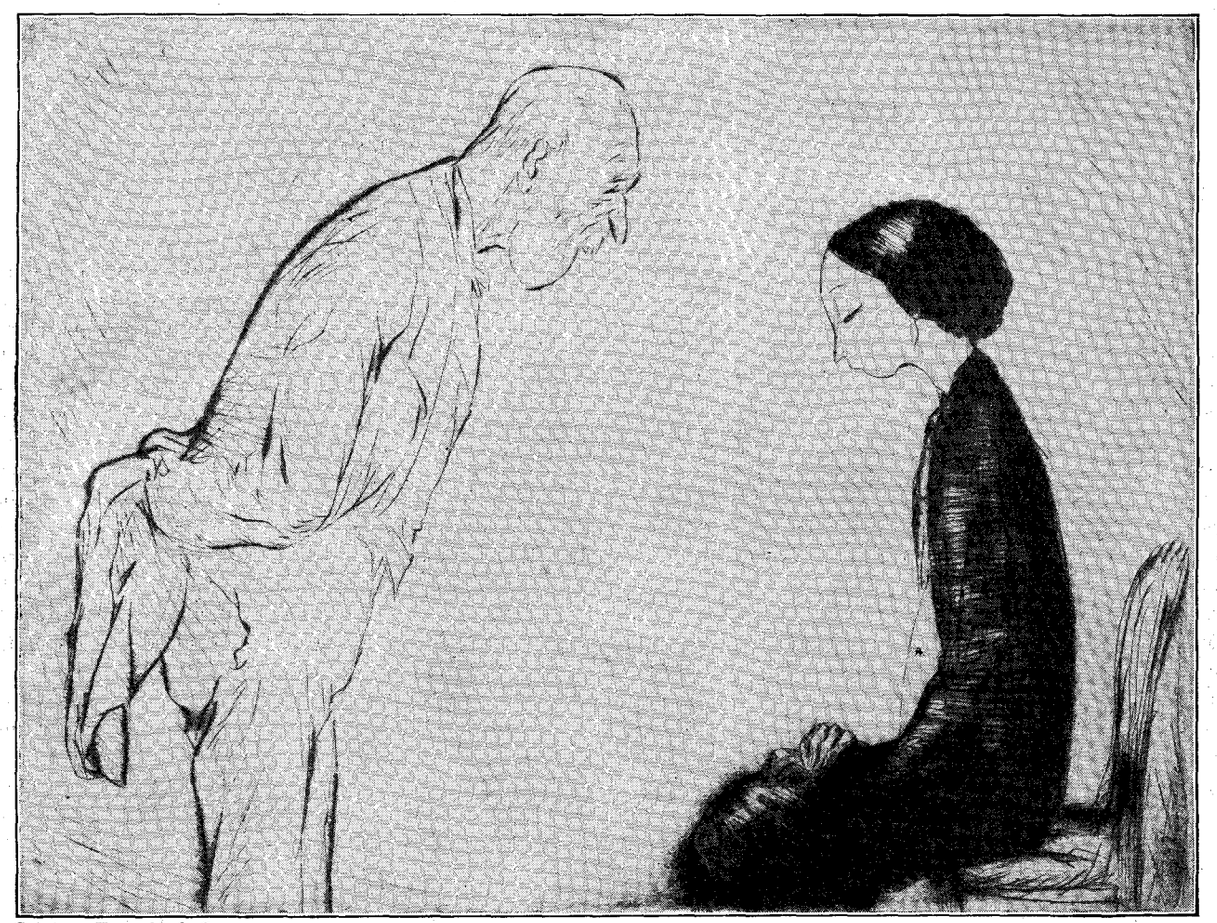

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

DR. FREUD: "Naughty—Who's Been Thinking Pure Thoughts Again!"
An etching by Will Dyson

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

July 9, 1930

Pseudoanalysis

Perils of Freudian Verbalisms

By KARL MENNINGER

The greatest foes of psychoanalysis have been its misguided friends. Dr. Menninger inveighs against the amateur analysts who, in parlor conversations, chatter about complexes and inhibitions. They have evolved a specious "science"—pseudoanalysis. "Soul-talking" has taken the place of cross-word puzzles

EVER SINCE Sigmund Freud's first book, psychoanalysis has been a storm center of controversy both among the laity and professional people. Because of its human significance, it has achieved a rapid and enormous popularity. I have seen a bantamweight Italian laborer pause a moment in his toil, lean a pick over a sweaty shoulder, and tell his brawny fellow worker that he had an inferiority complex. I have heard a little girl implore her mother to throw away her inhibitions and take her to the circus.

As Freud, himself, points out in a recent article, the popularity of psychoanalysis in the United States is no real evidence either of a friendly attitude or a profound understanding on the part of its adherents. If the illustrations above show how generally the tenets of psychoanalysis have crept into the common mind, and its phrases onto the collective tongue, they demonstrate even more how inaccurately, and even absurdly, these phrases and tenets are being applied.

The truth of the matter is that the greatest foes of psychoanalysis have been its misguided friends. It has suffered much from unintentional misinterpretations, from the warm enthusiasms of superficial students, from a spectacular popularization of certain minor aspects. It has suffered more at the hands of those amateurs who think or pretend that they understand it well enough to apply its principles. But it has suffered most of all from the hundreds and hundreds of psychoanalytic chatterers, from those eager folk who long so passionately to impart their smattering of knowledge. These chatterers have created a specious science which has intrigued a tremendous public with its false and facile formulations. This specious science, in fact, is so far from Freudian theory and so popular that it deserves a christening. Let us name it pseudoanalysis.

THE vocabulary of psychoanalysis has supplied numerous useful words to common speech. Human behavior is a matter of common interest, and therefore verbalisms from psychoanalytic literature have been eagerly pressed into public service. These verbalisms have become the property of platform controversialist, parlor conversationalist, and the miscellaneous literary flora and fauna of our times. Certain Freudian phrases have, in fact, grown out of all proportion to vocabulary. They are required to hold more meaning than is possible. Their originator would not recognize them in their present weightily amorphous guises. As Love, Honor, Beauty, God, formed the allegorical imperatives of our grandparents, Freudian designations have become the symbol words of our generation. Their dramatic significance has become inflated far beyond their dictionary proportions, and Freudian words taken in this way are dangerous; apt to become emotional and ethical dynamite.

Perhaps the popularity of these words is due, partly, to their Latinity, their rich and rolling cadences; perhaps it is partly the result of their dignity as "scientific phrases." In any case, they have been a boomerang to their creator; comically enough, their most constant users have never read Freud, or only superficially understood him, and are applying his language and ideas in amazingly inaccurate ways.

I presume there have always been soul-talkers, people who take pleasure in mutual verbal self-revelation, and people who do their spiritual or marital washing in public. Now, such practices in moderation should not be thoughtlessly condemned as they often serve to release mental pressure. But the psychoanalytic vocabulary has made soul-talking a sport as popular as baseball or crossword puzzles, and as such it is not only neurotic—it is becoming a neurosis of wholesale dimensions.

Of course, every one can find a personal psychological problem if he thinks about it, and most people love to talk about themselves. Psychiatrists and psychoanalysts are therefore pestered by attempted confessions on social occasions. I am often treated like a fortune teller, and actually asked to read people's minds. I am credited, instantly, with Jehovan attributes. I am taken for a sort of modern magician and asked to untangle human knots at a moment's notice. When I refuse, my questioners often show me how the thing is done.

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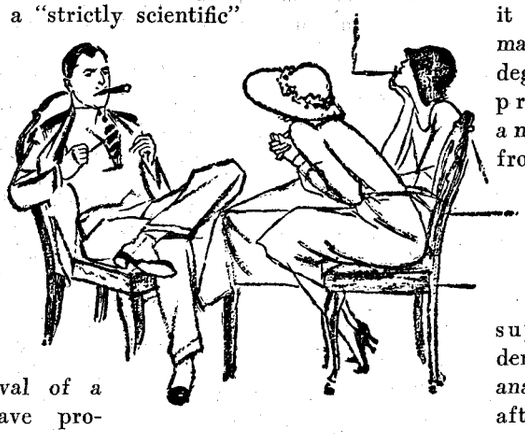
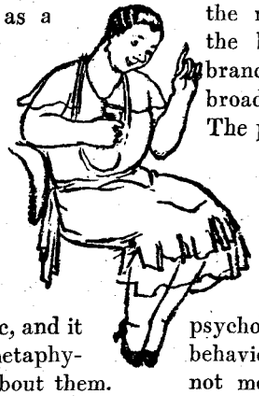
Gossip is a general human delight, usually accompanied by a feeling of guilt. To mitigate this feeling the modern gossiper of cultural pretensions puts his comments on a "strictly scientific" basis. He, also, utilizes the vocabulary of psychoanalysis. Rationalization is a human talent, and almost as frequent as breathing. But psychoanalytic misinterpreters give to license the rationalized approval of a science, and have produced a false system of ethics that never was intended, and would never be approved, by the founders and workers of that science.



In the pseudo-Freudian phraseology which has resulted, certain errors have become so popular as to be almost standard. Abuses of certain psychoanalytic ideas have become so frequent as to form a kind of general plagiarism of error. It seems, therefore, not inappropriate to examine a few of the words and ideas most commonly misapplied, and to define their misapplications.

PSYCHOANALYSIS began as a method of treating mental or nervous cases. It has become now a philosophy as well. From the material derived from the patients to which this treatment has been applied has grown a body of doctrine. In other words, the psychoanalyst has accumulated a great mass of data from case histories, and from this data he has drawn certain logical conclusions which have, in turn, increased the efficiency of psychoanalysis as a treatment, and broadened its philosophic implications.

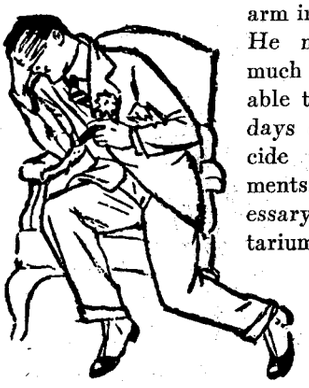


Now it seems to me perfectly legitimate for an intelligent layman to hold the psychoanalytic viewpoint, just as he may be a pragmatist, a vitalist, or an idealist. The nuclear concepts of Freud are philosophic, and it is natural that thinkers of a metaphysical bent should speculate about them. But as a practical science, psychoanalysis is just as dangerous in the hands of laymen as amateur surgery would be. To understand Freud's basic philosophic concepts it is only necessary for the intelligent man to read a few books. To conduct psychoanalytic treatment requires years of study, and, it is thought by many, a medical degree. The usual professional analysis takes from three months to a year or more. What, then, can be the value of the diagnoses of superficial students of psychoanalytic theory after a few moments' conversation in a parlor?

Parlor analysis is not only useless, however; it is definitely invidious. It gives people erroneous ideas, on which they sometimes act; it increases the mental confusion of those already in mental chaos; and it sometimes keeps a person in need of treatment away from the proper physician. It also puts into unmerited disrepute the practice and tenets of a great, new branch of the science of curing mental disease.

There are three sorts of physicians of nervous and mental disease that are often confused: the neurologist, the psychiatrist and the psychoanalyst. Neurology is a branch of internal medicine. The neurologist is concerned with the diseases of the brain and spinal cord. The neurologist is not a physician of the mind as differentiated from the body. Psychiatry is also a branch of medicine, but much broader in scope than neurology. The psychiatrist is a doctor of the mind rather than of the brain. This means that he is concerned with the physical and chemical phases of life to be sure, but more especially the psychological and social. He studies behavior abnormalities in the large, not merely reflexes and sensation changes. Psychoanalysis is one kind of treatment used by psychiatrists. The psychiatrist who spends most of his time in the application of this treatment may be called a psychoanalyst.

To make this clear, let us suppose that a man has lost the use of his right arm. He would probably go to his family physician. His family physician might discover that he had a fractured bone and send him to a surgeon, or he might decide that there was a nerve injury and send him to a neurologist. The neurologist, after examining him, might find that he had a neuritis or a spinal cord tumor, or infantile paralysis or something of that sort. On the other hand he might find no injury and that the cause of the paralysis was psychological. In that instance he might treat the case himself; but more probably he would send the patient to a psychiatrist. (Of course the patient might have gone to a psychiatrist in the first place but this would have spoiled our illustration.) The psychiatrist would try to find out the facts of this man's psychological, social, physical life which made it necessary for him to have a paralyzed arm in order to protect his ego. He might find this without much trouble and he might be able to cure the man in a few days or weeks. He might decide to use electrical treatments. He might think it necessary to put him in a sanitarium. Or he might feel that the case was a good one for psychoanalytic treatment, involving six months or a year of psychological delving which would straighten out many other symptoms in the man's life less apparent than the paralyzed arm. In this case, if he were himself versed in psychoanalysis he could use it in this instance and treat the man so. If he were very busy, he would probably refer him to a psychiatrist, who devotes *all* of his time to the therapeutic application of psychoanalysis. Such a man would be properly denoted a psychoanalyst.



The illustrations in this article are by Willy Pogany from "Casanova Jones" (by permission of The Century Company, publishers)

There seems to be a common misapprehension that a psychoanalyst is not a doctor. In America, this is rarely the case. The few analysts here who do not have M.D.s find it difficult to achieve official recognition. They are not admitted to the psychoanalytic associations. There are several lay analysts in Europe, some of the most famous being Otto Rank of Paris, Oskar Pfister of Zürich and Mary Chadwick of London.

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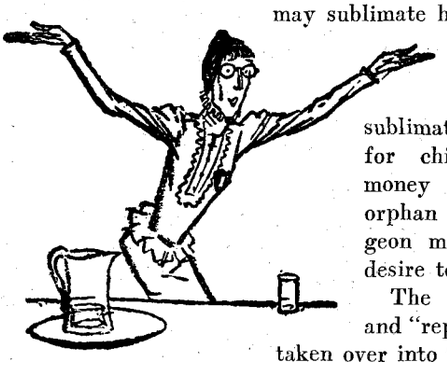
Not Freud, but Jung, originated the most abused of the psychoanalytic terms—the poor old "complex." To say a man has a complex, particularly one of that pristine pair, the Oedipus and the Inferiority, is to say exactly nothing at all. Every one has an Oedipus complex—an occasional desire for release from mature existence, and a return to the peace of the womb or the crib. And until evolution grants to the human another metamorphosis, we will, all of us, have inferiority feelings—complexes—about something or other. It is just as relevant to say that so-and-so has a complex as to say he has a nose.

When a certain complex becomes fixed, so out of proportion to reality that it distorts the life scheme and cripples the economic and social efficiency of a human being, it requires treatment, and another verbal specification.

The word "complex" is useful in describing those psychological tendencies which, when overgrown, can destroy mental health. When laymen accuse a man of an "Oedipus complex" they frequently mean that he has a persistent mother fixation, that his desires for the return of childhood conditions and the ever-present safeguarding influence of his mother, are blotting out the pleasures and compensations of his present day life, and causing him to regress overmuch to early traits and memories.



The same objection might be made for "defense mechanism." This term, properly used, simply indicates the facing of life with an individual combination of protective attitudes that are assumed less to fool the attitudinizer, himself, than to deceive others for the sake of vanity or pride. To indicate that a defense mechanism is abnormal is to admit the abnormality of the race. There is no one who does not use protective poses—however well or mistakenly—to lessen hurt, or avoid admission of disadvantageous positions.

Another word which has crept into colloquial use in a peculiarly inept way is "sublimation." A sublimation is really a symptom on the right side of the fence. Men suppressing sexual desires have been known to go in for dyspeptic attacks, or spiritual and confessional conversations with every female acquaintance. Both of these would be symptoms. But the half-thinker is apt to call the second a sublimation.

A real sublimation takes a man further than from the boudoir to the drawing room. If, instead of having love affairs, he writes poetry or diverts his vitality into scientific discovery, it would be correct to say he had sublimated his libido in these directions.

Here, as usual, the laity put a sexual interpretation on a Freudian word, and overlooked its other manifold possibilities. One rarely hears the word, "sublimation," used in a non-sexual sense, while many forms of compensation and over compensation justify it. A man may sublimate his wish to overeat into the writing of a cookbook, or a study of the pyramids. He may sublimate his frustrated desire for children into collecting money for the endowing of orphan asylums. A great surgeon may be sublimating his desire to shed blood.

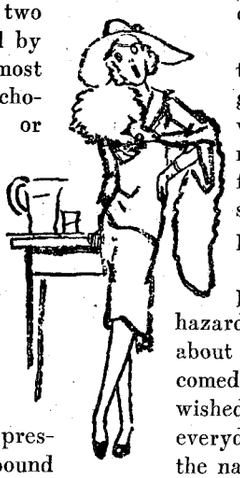
The words "suppression" and "repression" have also been taken over into this great misinterpretation of Freud. These two words should be correctly used by any one claiming even the most elementary knowledge of psychoanalysis, either philosophic or scientific, because they are of primary importance in any study of the sub-surface mechanisms of the mind. Nevertheless, most of the laity use the words interchangeably.

Suppression and repression are the forces opposing instinctive tendencies. But suppression is conscious, while repression is unconscious. An artist, bound by the necessity of supporting a wife to commercial work he hates, may suppress his desire to throw up his job. This same man represses, perhaps, the wish to be rid of his wife so he may be free to paint. This second wish will never "enter his head," but he may some night be surprised to wake in a sweat from a nightmare in which he has enacted, say, the title rôle of the tragedy of *Othello*.

The users of neurotic vocabularies have also, frequently, a taste for the interpretation of dreams. This is no new favorite. Dream books were hidden under the pillows of romantic servant girls and college students long before the birth of Freud, or the popularity of pseudoanalysis. But the modern interpreter is, again, a causeless snob who claims the aristocracy of a scientific background.

The telling and interpreting of dreams at teas, informal gatherings, and in drawing rooms have exactly the same scientific status as horoscope reading, fortune telling by cards, and Ouija board predictions. Even a trained analyst cannot attempt with any certainty to interpret the dream of a patient until he is thoroughly familiar with the case history.

Let us take, as example, a not unusual dream. A sleeping man pictures himself at a fashionable party among people with whom he immensely desires to be popular. Yet he finds himself disrobing until he is nearly nude. What would the intelligent layman, who has read a few popular books on psychoanalysis, make of this dream? From curiosity, I asked several.



Most of them answered that the man needed sexual gratification and therefore wished to exhibit himself nude in the presence of the female guests whom he considered socially superior and physically desirable.

A more thoughtful interpretation, which one might hazard without knowing anything about the patient, is that he welcomed the idea of disrobing, wished to take off the disguises of everyday life and to get down to the naked truth, and to show this truth to all men, represented by an approved social gathering.

Now suppose the patient who had the dream were psychoanalyzed. During the analysis he would recall certain cir-

(Please Turn to Page 397)

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▶▶ Two; on the Aisle ◀◀

By LOUIS STARK

A GOOD many years ago a department store owner named John Wanamaker disagreed violently with his fellow merchants and announced an extremely radical policy. After a certain date, he said, the price of articles would be marked plainly and the public would know that goods were sold at but one price.

The innovation of Mr. Wanamaker's day is the commonplace of today. Haggling has been relegated to the purlieus of the lower East Side in New York City, and even in that teeming section the trend has been to the one price system.

Since Mr. Wanamaker's day business has developed along many progressive lines. A policy of pleasing the public and making it easier to buy has replaced the old hit-and-miss method of the days when "the public be damned" was an eminently proper slogan for the "big interests."

With these preliminaries permit me to inquire whether you know of any great industry which still maintains, not one price for its wares but four or five; which makes it as difficult as possible for the public to get its wares, and which, with rare exceptions, has no more use for a modern accounting system than an African savage has for the Einstein theory. I will not keep you in suspense. The example of modern backward industry which I cite is the theatre.

EVER since I can remember the theatres have been urging me to get my tickets at the box office. Let us assume I follow the suggestion. My tickets are marked at $3 each. Next to me sit a couple who bought their tickets from a sidewalk speculator. They paid anywhere from $2 to $4 for each, depending upon the play's drawing power, the weather and the number of minutes before or after curtain time that they made their purchase. On the other side sit a couple who bought their seats at a ticket broker's at an advance of seventy-five cents a ticket. Down the line is another couple who dropped in at a "cut rate" agency where seats are half price or a little over. And next to them sit a couple who belong to a "two-for-one" organization and buy their entertainment at half price.

What do you think of a business that turns its choicest products (its best seats) over to a middleman called a ticket broker and allows him to charge all the traffic will bear? I know of a novelist, somewhat deaf, who must have front seats, and who has been unable to obtain seats down front this past season until he paid the ticket broker $30 for a pair. The box office price of the tickets was $3.50 to $6.60. Under the law half of the excess, above the seventy-five-cent broker's premium, goes to the government. That means that Uncle Sam and the ticket broker, neither of whom had any hand in producing the play, get more out of it than the producer who made the capital investment and the playwright who wrote it.

Suppose I want a couple of seats to one of the hits. The box office man tells me that the choice locations are sold out a month in advance. I go next door to one of the "gyps" and there I am offered a ticket at anywhere from $2 to $10 above the box office price. If the performance is a week off the "gyp" will ask me to come in on the day of the show because "the tickets may be hard to get." I come in a week later and he pulls out the tickets which have been reposing snugly in his drawer. But now I must pay the price. I have made the engagement and therefore I pay. A week ago the tickets were worth less to me, but I could not get them.

If I belong to a well known club I have the same experience—the price is out of sight by the time I get the tickets. I have heard of a club ticket agent who ordered the ticket broker to add $2 to the price of each ticket because the higher the price by the broker the more the club agent could exact. This practice is frowned on by the governors of the clubs but they have been unable to do anything to counteract it.

Difficult as it is for the New Yorker to obtain seats without paying tribute, the out of town visitor is lost from the start. In the first place, he leans heavily on the ticket agent in the hotel or club for an opinion as to the best play to see. The play recommended may or may not be an outstanding hit. If it is not, there are plenty of seats at the box office. If it is, the price is apt to be $4 or more above the box office price "because they are so hard to get."

Should the visitor demand seats for a specific play, the agency, with tickets on the shelf, pleads for "a little time because they are scarce." Half an hour later a breathless attendant explains that after great effort he was just able to get two tickets, "scarce as hen's teeth." If the price seems too high the visitor is assured that the agent had to pay $2 premium above the box office price and stood to make but a measly dollar on the entire transaction.

Frequently the visitor, timid soul that he is, pays the exorbitant price and says nothing. If he is attending a convention and "out for a good time" he is apt to pay the price cheerfully and then add a cubit to his social prestige "back home" by boasting that the "highway robbers set me back fifteen smackers for a tenth row seat at the Follies."

A plan is now being worked whereby the out of town patron may be able to buy seats by telegraph, ordering them through an accredited agent in his home town before leaving for the metropolis. After that he will have no further trouble, merely picking up the seats at the box office on the night he attends the play.

IS THE theatre a racket? Figure it out for yourself. Take the poorly paid clerk in the box office; treasurer, they call him. He handles thousands of dollars worth of merchandise and gets about $75 a week. His assistant receives about $45 a week. Give the treasurer one hit and he is in clover. How? He has friends among the ticket brokers. They will gladly pay him from twenty-five cents to a dollar for every choice seat he slips them "on the q.t." That explains why some treasurers have country homes, automobiles, butlers and real estate.

The treasurer does other favors for his friends. Bad nights hit the best of shows. On a rainy night the ticket speculator has to "eat" (theatrical parlance for take a loss) many tickets. If the treasurer is his friend he takes back some seats and tries to sell them at the box office. For every one he sells the ticket speculator is out that much less. And the treasurer gets additional commission, collecting both ways, you observe.

There are several producers reputed to take a dollar premium over the box office price from the sale of choice seats to friends among the ticket agent gentry. One of these astute managers keeps a

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batch of premium seats in his pockets for sale to ticket brokers. There is, of course, no record of the transaction and Uncle Sam is minus his share of the profit. A few of the wiseacres among the Broadway folk know how much this manager has had to pay the government since he was caught withholding the government's due. The picture would not be complete if I failed to mention that this manager's solicitude for the public is so great that he disports himself in his own box office for a short time every day. Lately he has obtained much publicity for his prescription of what should be done to help the theatre. His panacea for all the ills of the theatre is—sell the tickets at the box office.

In the matter of "gypping," the broker is not entirely to blame. If he can, the manager compels the broker to make a "buy," that is, to purchase blocks of seats for every performance months ahead. Some producers finance their lavish shows from the proceeds of such "buys." If the show is a flop, the broker has the tickets on his hands and he "eats" many of them nightly. If the theatre were run along business-like lines, the failure would be taken off to make room for another show, but that is not done. For several months the ticket broker, under his agreement, buys tickets to every performance. He sells a few, dumps some into the "cut rates," and sells some at the door of the theatre in competition with the box office. I have been offered tickets in the fifth row of a musical show produced by a well known manager at prices lower than box office rates, three hours before the show. At the box office the best I could get was the fifteenth row. And that was on a Saturday night!

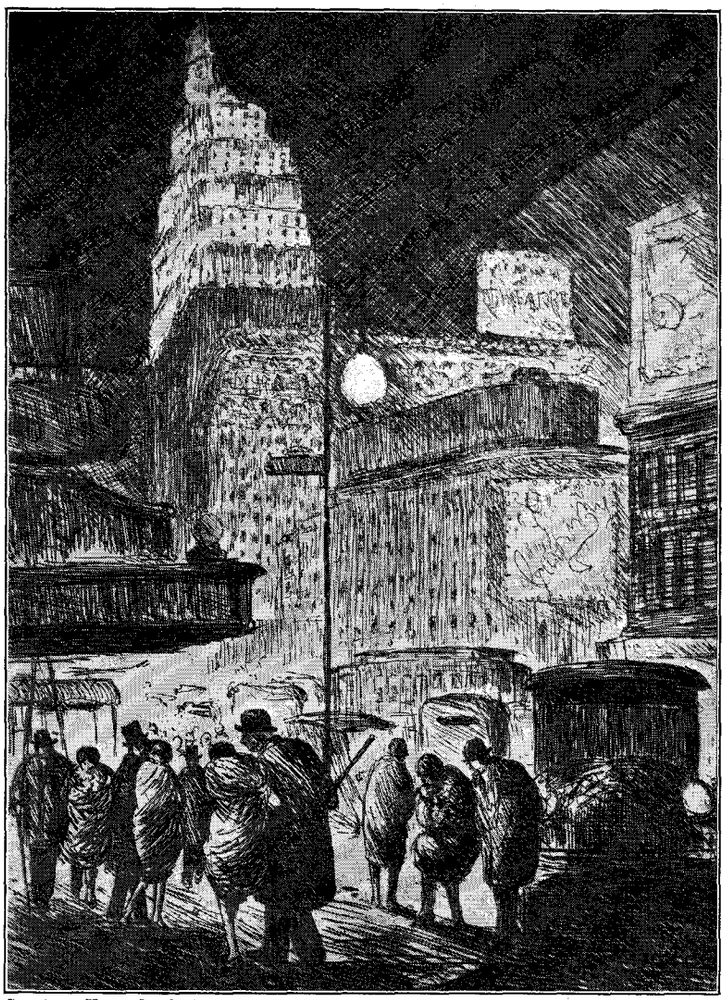
Now what happens when the ticket agent "eats" blocks of seats to poor shows which he has been compelled to buy under threat that he would not get tickets to the hits produced by the manager? The answer is simple. He boosts the price of tickets to the hits. How high? As much as the traffic will bear. The ticket brokers who would like to restrict the premiums to seventy-five cents are placed in a difficult position by the system of "buys." The brokers were hard hit during the past season. But the way to a more legitimate plane of business may be open to them through the plan of the New York Theatre League, of which Arthur Hopkins is president. The plan of Hopkins and his associates, who include nearly all of the managers and other factors in the theatre, is not to sell tickets to the brokers but to consign tickets to them for sale at a premium of seventy-five cents. No manager is to force a "buy" and no broker is to exceed the service charge of seventy-five cents. A quota of the best tickets is to be sold at the box office to those who do not wish to patronize the agencies and pay the premium. Violation of the agreement will mean that the manager found guilty will be unable to have his tickets sold by licensed brokers; brokers caught "gypping" will be deprived of tickets by managers who are members of the League.

As an earnest of their sincerity in framing the plan for the League, the managers and those associated with them placed Alfred E. Smith, former Governor of New York, on the board of governors of the League to represent the public which has seen so many experiments for ticket reform come and go.

Does the theatre make it easy for the man who wants to sustain it, the ultimate consumer? Let's see. My wife telephones downtown for some seats. She finds that the box office has just what she wants. But the theatre will not hold the tickets beyond 7.30. Dinner and a long ride prevent us from calling in person before eight. Perforce we spend the evening at the movies. Or suppose I buy the tickets at an agency and they are left at the box office. When I arrive at the theatre I wait on a line in a small, overcrowded lobby jostled by the audience which is passing into the house. The theatre makes no attempt to serve me quickly. How simple it would be to have a separate box office for tickets left for patrons. Or an attendant might be on hand to extract from the box office the agency seats.

Once inside the theatre, after evading the nightly traffic conspiracy to keep me from getting there, my coat is snatched away and I am shown to a seat where only by the most painful effort do I keep my knees from digging into the back of the person in front of me. No atmosphere of glamour or illusion is created for me in the ten precious minutes that I spend in staring at the curtain. Music is absent except in a few theatres. After the last act I dash for my coat only to be held up an additional ten or fifteen minutes.

The theatre casts sheep's eyes at the talkies but fails to learn anything from the adroit showmanship of the movie



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

BROADWAY AT NIGHT
Etching by Irving Wolfson

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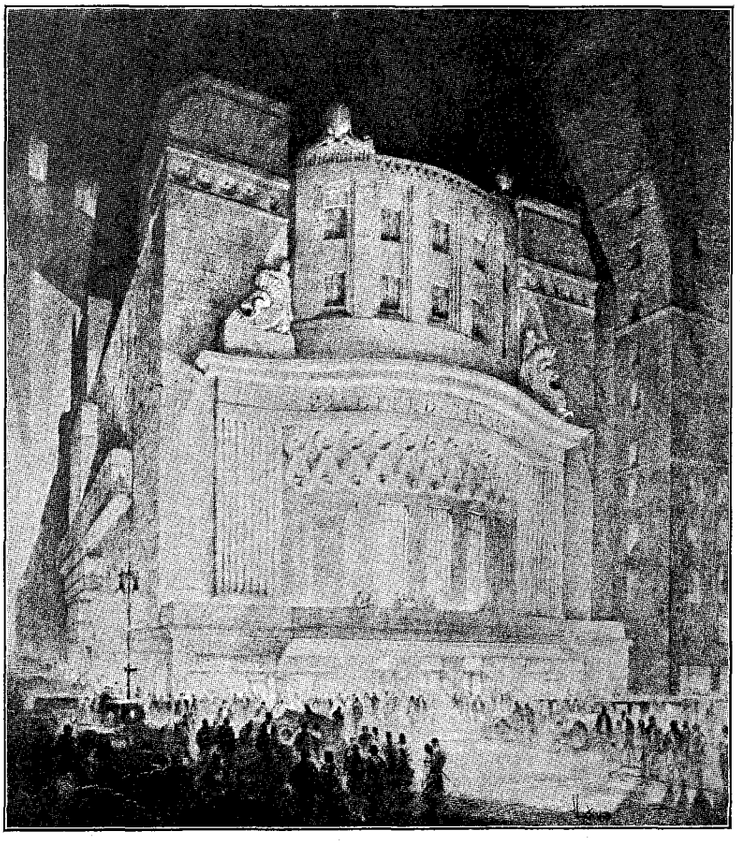
managers. Contrast the cavalier treatment of its customers by the theatre with that offered its patrons by the movies. The seeker for entertainment, entering the Roxy or some other movie palace, is impressed by the politeness and deference (too much, sometimes) shown him by the attendants. He enters a spacious lobby and an usher, trained on the West Point model, shows him to an upholstered seat into which he sinks with comfort while his knees unfold before him with an ample spread between them and the seat ahead.

Suppose you were in a business that made a profit once in ten years. If you remained in that business more than ten years it would indeed be a triumph of hope over experience. But what would you say of theatrical producers who have but one hit in ten years? Obviously such fellows do not know their business. Yet the New York Rialto has many of the one-hit-in-a-decade type of showman. He blames everybody but himself for his failures. The lack of knowledge as to the possibilities of a play and as to what is good theatre among some veteran producers would astound those who regard these men as touched with the glamour of the stage and its traditions.

How terribly in love the public must be with the theatre if it supports such producers and keeps them going for years in the hope that some time they may bring forth a great production. The theatre is said to be a gamble. So it is in many respects. But surely the producer who knows so little about plays that he puts them on year after year and only rarely strikes the public fancy, must be lacking in discernment and intelligence.

What makes it possible for the incompetent and the shoe string producer to survive? He survives because the theatre in New York and elsewhere is largely a real estate venture. New York is overbuilt in theatres. Instead of seventy-five theatres, thirty-five would be sufficient to supply the needs of the theatregoers. First class playwrights are not turning out enough significant plays to fill all the houses. A dearth of good plays means many poor ones. The poor ones die, leaving the houses dark. Therefore the theatre owner—the Shuberts, Erlangers and others—must charge rents sufficient to cover the cost of the months of dark houses. A house may sometimes be dark twenty-five weeks. It is obvious that if the theatre were open forty or forty-five weeks the rent would not be as high each week.



ZIEGFELD THEATRE, NEW YORK
Drawing by Hugh Ferriss

Theatres in New York have been built without regard to the requirements of the business.

The theatre as a real estate venture has given rise to many evils. A fairly good play with a decent chance of success is choked to death early in life by the terms of the contract. The theatre owner wants to house a hit as this will mean a higher income for him. There is constant warfare between the theatre-owner and the producer. The latter claims that the owner will not allow his show to become successful but exacts his pound of flesh. Sometimes this works both ways, for occasionally the owner reduces his rent to prevent the play from getting into his competitor's house. And the producer of a hit can make pretty nearly any terms with the theatre owner.

In the middle of the past season there were fifty-three legitimate theatres housing plays of which thirty were doing no business to speak of. If these thirty houses had been closed, the other twenty-three would have been run at a profit. At the time of which I am speaking there were only three real hits: two musical comedies and one comedy. Of the others, eleven did a fair business and, with four or five exceptions, the others did virtually no business.

The surfeit of theatres has opened the way for people like Tony the Wop (that is not his correct name) and other bootleggers and gamblers to take fliers in "show business." Needless to say, Tony is not in business for his health. Tony looks over a manuscript or has some one who can read look it over, and if it has enough sex appeal he puts on the show. Tony is another incubus that the patient theatre-goer has to support.

An hour with any producer will yield a crop of stories that would make Job's plight sound like a fairy tale. The strange part of it is that most of the stories are likely to be true. The producer pictures himself (correctly) as the lone individual sniped at on all sides by the organized forces within and without the theatre. He must meet competition from the talkies and other forms of entertainment. The stage hands, carpenters, electricians and musicians, he feels, are in league against him. His box office man is likely to double-cross him. The scenic painters, transfer men and actors are organized to get as much out of him as possible. The cut rate wolf is ready to swallow him if he doesn't watch out. He is the Little Red Riding Hood lost in the forest and the voices he hears are all those of his enemies.

Take the cut rate business, for instance. Here is an excrescence on the theatre that has grown, thanks to the

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managers, from the practice of selling complimentary billboard passes at cheap prices, to an industry which handles hundreds of thousands of tickets a year at less than box office rates. The cut rates have not increased the number of theatre-goers but have decreased the box office receipts by half.

Every ticket sold at the cut rates could be sold at the box office. Some producers advertise that their plays are not at the cut rates and as a result people go to the box office. The cut rates and their audience are waging a war of attrition against the theatre. The cut rate audience seldom visits the box office, so that when a hit exhausts its sale at the agencies and good seats can be had at the box office, the cut rate audience knows nothing about it. A hit settling down to a steady run finds tickets unsold and closes earlier than necessary.

The cut rates doom a fairly successful play. People let their friends know that tickets can be obtained there, and at the next performance the box office trade falls and the theatre is compelled to sell more and more tickets to the cut rates. Now and then the cut rates help a play to survive, as in the classic example of *Abie's Irish Rose*.

Movie competition has put a serious crimp in the cut rate audiences that used to buy balcony seats. The balcony-goer's argument is: "Why see a poor show from the balcony when I can go to the movies and sit downstairs, listen to an orchestra and watch a ballet, some vaudeville and a feature picture." The cut rate patron is interested in the "show," not in the "theatre." He may be a theatre-goer, but is not a theatre-lover in the best sense of the term.

The legitimate manager who might have kept his balcony audience in the face of movie competition, has, with few exceptions, alienated him because of the high prices for balcony seats. If he can afford to sell balcony seats for about one-third of the marked price to the cut rates surely he can afford to sell them direct to the public at half or two-thirds. This scheme was tried out during the past season by Kenneth MacGowan with *Children of Darkness*. Instead of $1.50 to $3.50 the balcony seats were repriced from $1 to $2.50. The first week after the change, six hundred more people saw the play as compared with the previous week and they paid $800 more.

The business man who peeps behind the scenes is astonished at the lack of business methods in so many theatres. Instead of business executives handling valuable property, he finds house managers not far above the level of ushers so far as bookkeeping goes. Many producers do not keep permanent records of important cash outlays. The treasurer may be ordered to honor a slip of paper on which is a notation from the head carpenter saying: "Eight men at six hours each." There is nothing to show what the men did for six hours.

A producer spends $50,000 or more to put on a legitimate play, and after two or three nights he avoids the theatre like the plague. Actors, like other human beings, tend to become careless occasionally and need to be "jacked up," and the producer who leaves his play severely alone after the first week is a poor business man.

Production costs, not to say the other handicaps visited upon the producer, are so great that only the hit can survive. The audience for the play that is fairly good but not in the smash hit class has been driven from the theatre. Even the Theatre Guild, whose subscription audiences insure a run of about six weeks, is frequently compelled to close up productions that have not been outright hits, once the subscription list is exhausted.

Why can the producer afford nothing but success? The cost of producing is so high that the margin of profit, as compared to ten years ago, is much lower. One-set plays with eight characters or less are in great demand. One set means fewer stage hands. Fifteen years ago members of a road crew received $30 to $35 a week. Now the pay is $95. Once upon a time the stage hand worked for nothing. He was the casual employe found in every town who was glad to shift the scenery for the sake of seeing the play. The day arrived when the stage hands asked for a living wage. The producers refused and thus forced union organization. Then came the musicians with their demands. Again a tug of war ensued between managers and musicians and the latter won.

One fine day the actors followed the example of the stage hands and musicians. Grievances long unredressed burst out into union organization. With the organization of a union among scene artists the costs of scenic painting mounted. But unionization did not stop there. The truckmen who transferred scenery from theatre to theatre or railroad station, formed a union. Nowadays a manager may not have his stage hands or casual laborers transfer scenery even if he should merely require that it be moved into a theatre next door or across the street. I asked one manager what would happen if others than the union transfer men were engaged to move the scenery across the street from one theatre to another.

"By the time it got half way across the street there wouldn't be anything left of it," he replied.

Even if the transfer men have to move the scenery a few feet they call out a truck, circle the block and then come to rest at the stage door.

Rules made by the musicians are regarded as onerous by the managers. A manager may have several special rehearsals to perfect an oboe player in his part, yet on the opening night the player may send a substitute to carry on while he, the rehearsed player, accepts a last minute invitation from the opera or from an orchestra which is playing a special concert. The high cost of music has compelled most of the producers to dispense with entr'acte music.

In one show a phonograph was played less than a minute but the local union musicians insisted that a member put the needle on and take it off—for $85 a week. One local union insisted that all actors who played musical instruments must join the union.

Within the theatre, no secret is made of the hostility felt by the actor towards the stage hand. The actor observes the stage hand playing the perennial game of pinochle all through the play, interrupted only by a few minutes of labor during the intermission and he compares his precarious income to that of the "grip" whose wage is fixed by union agreement.

The stage hands insist on a lower berth when traveling. The actor must take pot luck. If a play has been on a try-out tour more that six weeks, the producer must retain the road crew of stage hands in addition to the crew provided by the theatre where the piece settles down to a run.

In the past season some companies which went "co-operative" paid the actors $25 a week and in some cases just "coffee and cake." There is something akin to "gallows humor" in the spectacle of an actor working for no salary and being expected to give two weeks' notice before he can quit.

Conditions for the actors have been so bad in the last season that it is

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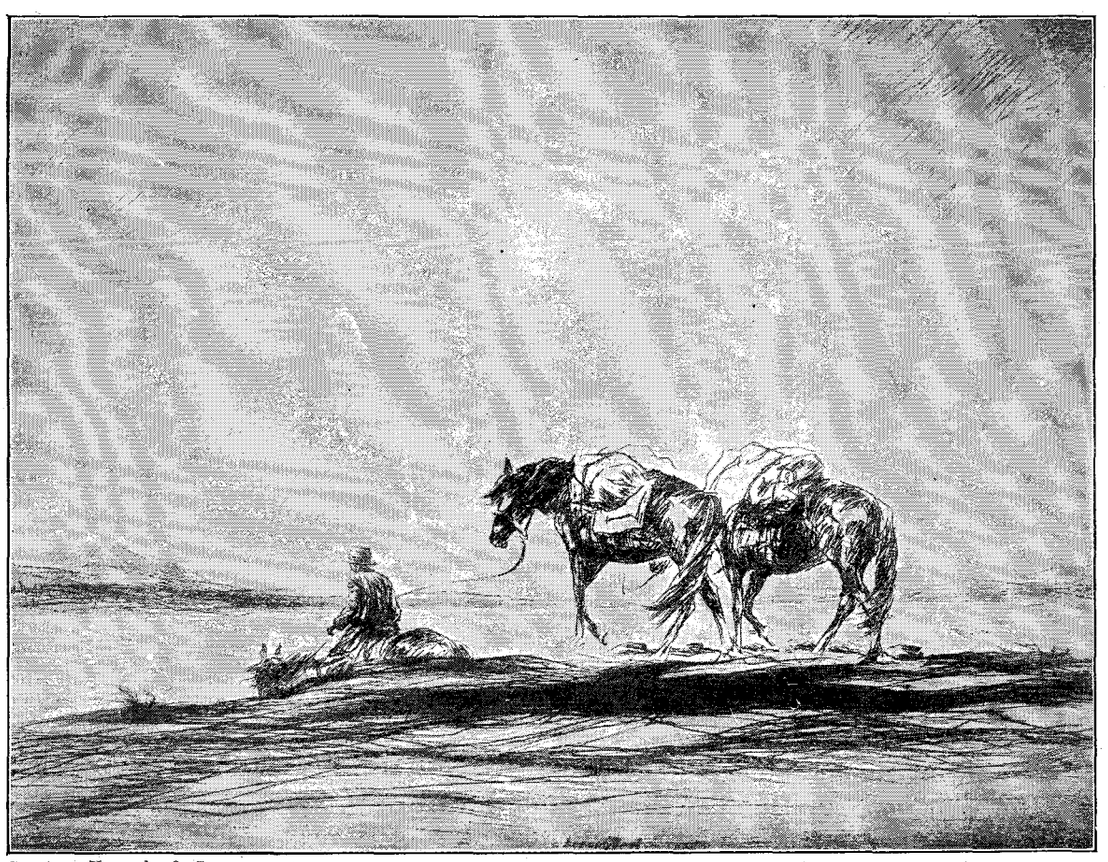
Lazy Americans

By MARK VAN DOREN

AMERICANS pride themselves on their energy. They talk of themselves, sometimes apologetically, as creatures whose principal fault is an incapacity for rest. "Up and doing," "get a move on," "bright and early," "he's got the pep"—these are national phrases. If America has a gospel, if it believes anything, it is the virtue of being tireless, and of being rather childishly strong, that is the gospel and the creed. Certainly this is the sermon which young men hear from secular pulpits—business offices, newspaper rooms, Y.M.C.A. headquarters, Rotary lunch tables, and Boy Scout tents—all over the country. In the light of such doctrines we judge the foreigner in our midst, or judge a distant civilization. Reinforced by our peculiar faith, we only smile at the European visitor who complains of the hurry and bustle on any metropolitan American street. Yes, it is mad enough, we admit; but we thrill at the thought that the admission is there to make. For we have no doubt whatever that our outstanding trait is vigor; and in turn we have no doubt that vigor is a good trait to possess.

And it is. The question is whether we have it in that excess we hear about, or even, perhaps, whether as a nation we have it at all. To say that the dominant American characteristic is laziness would seem to be flying in the face of all that everybody knows to be true. Yet the statement is worth making, if only for the fun of seeing what can be found to support it. I suspect that a great deal can be found to support it. Indeed I am sure that the statement is quite simply true.

IN THE first place we should be suspicious of the fact that we preach the opposite quality. It is a pretty safe rule that when a man is found to be terribly interested in a certain virtue, he hasn't got it. He may think he has it, but the thought is not clear enough to let him alone; it keeps urging him to lecture on the subject, or to denounce those who—unlike him, it appears—lack the quality in question. So with nations, which in so many instances act like individuals. When a nation begins to be aware of its virtue you may be reasonably sure that it actually has its mind on its vice. The ancient Greeks, a very turbulent people whose passions were hard to control, thought and wrote almost exclusively about order and balance. The ancient Hebrews, who had excellent heads for practical affairs like business and war, were conscious only of a passion for godliness, and listened with rapture to the denunciations of the prophets. The modern French, whose intellectual vice—if it is a vice—is logic, and whose behavior is astonishingly regular, have managed to give the impression that they are unaccountable whirlwinds of emotion. The British, who are a gentle, soft-spoken race if there ever was one, spend their time in praising the virtues of the bully and the bruiser. The Germans, the arch-sentimentalists of the modern world, dress themselves in stiff intellectual armor whose very formidableness makes us forget the melting soul within. The Russian, who by nature is a perfect skeptic, revels in pictures of himself as a simple man of faith. And the American, who at bottom and on the average is incorrigibly lazy, has invented the gospel of pep.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN IN LEGEND
The Prospector; an etching by Levon West

Historically considered, this heresy is no heresy at all. The first people who came here, like most I think who have come since, came to avoid difficulties in the life at home. We are proud of our fancied ability to face difficulty and conquer it—to ignore it even, and to snicker at it—but our ancestors had no such pride. The Pilgrim Fathers gave up the ecclesiastical game in seventeenth-cen-

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tury England and sailed to a shore where they believed the game could be remade with rules of their own devising. They ran away from the opposition. To be sure, they faced the most terrible hardships immediately upon their arrival; but they seem not to have been mentally prepared for those, and the communal scheme of the Plymouth plantation whereby labor was to be pooled—this scheme broke down because not enough labor was being done.

The adventurers who landed further south were accompanied, and continued for two centuries to be followed, by men who for one reason or another had not been able to keep the economic pace at home. Ne'er-do-wells, criminals, paupers mingled with the more respectable stream of immigration; and the more respectable immigrants had themselves been wooed to America by dreams of an ideal existence where life would be not only free but easy. America, indeed, was conceived by Europe in terms which contrasted with the terms of its own life. One of those terms was difficulty; so America was endowed with ease. Judging by the first American author who became widely popular—so much so that he has been called the spokesman of his century—the habit of ease, even of sloth, had taken firm hold within a century after the days of Governor William Bradford and Captain John Smith. Benjamin Franklin, as luck would have it, was popular chiefly as a moralist. And what did he preach? Industry, thrift, and early to rise. "God helps them that help themselves," announced Poor Richard; "Have you somewhat to do tomorrow, do it today;" "Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee."

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

CRACKER-BOX PHILOSOPHERS; THE TRUE AMERICANS
The Meeting Place; an etching by Harold Denison

What sort of people was it worth while saying these things to? To the sort that knew the secret already, and practiced it by second nature? To a thrifty, industrious, early-rising folk? Probably not. I think they were the same people we have now in these days when we listen with such admirable eagerness to the gospel of business as it rings forth from the radio or comes neatly printed in little inspirational pamphlets. Mr. Babbitt, if you read Sinclair Lewis' famous novel closely, reveals himself as an essentially indolent fellow—very likable, perhaps, but indolent, and this in spite of a surface frenzy which he has been taught to assume when he talks with his associates in reality. We have learned the lesson well, if not too quickly. We move nervously along, or some of us do; we chew our cigars with a difference. But at the center there is a complacent core of idleness, or what is the same thing, love of idleness.

To return to history for a moment. The flood of human beings who went west over the mountains a hundred years ago and filled as if by magic the great central plains now supposed to be so typically American—what sort were they? Were they going from New England, from the middle seaboard states, from Virginia and the Carolinas, in order to face a strenuous future and so prove the courage of their kind? They went, if all the available testimony is correct, for land that would be easier to subdue than that which their grandfathers had subdued for them at home. The itch to travel west was an itch to avoid the pressure of an increasingly compact society. Once again there was propaganda singing the praises of a land all milk and honey, a garden to be simply plowed and planted. People went by the million into such a place; found it harder than they had been prepared for; stayed anyway, if only from inertia; and thrived, but kept in their hearts a love of ease which sometimes drove them on to another state, and another, and another, and another.

The pioneer is our hero today, and justly enough considering what he did and when he did it. But we idealize him, attributing to him in absolute degree the quality we like to think is in ourselves. The statues of pioneer men and women which win public prizes and are set up along the great western trails, or in state capitols, or in city squares, show usually an indomitable forehead and a resolute mouth, with eyes that lift themselves courageously above the distant horizon. That is well enough, but we must remember what the pioneer was doing, and we must look at some of the contemporary descriptions of him. He was looking, as I have said, not toward hardship but toward ease; and he was often a lanky, languid specimen with a face upon which the marks of malaria—the sallow skin, the hollow eyes, the tired lines everywhere—were going to

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The Trend of Events

The Morrow Method

WITH THE SAME direct, uncompromisingly wet approach which won him a 305,000 plurality in the senatorial primary, Dwight W. Morrow has forced New Jersey's Republicans to write a plank advocating repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Timorous Republican chieftains had planned to straddle the liquor issue, fearing that boldness might endanger local candidates in supposedly dry districts. Mr. Morrow found them pussyfooting when he arrived at the state convention in Trenton.

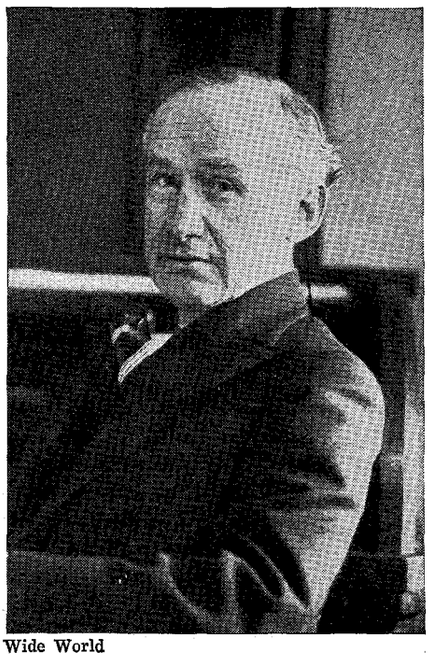
A few hours later the resolutions committee produced just such a plank as Mr. Morrow desired. "The Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed" and there should "be substituted for it an amendment which will restore to the states the power to determine their policy toward the liquor traffic."

On the same day, another repeal plank was prepared at Trenton by New Jersey's Democrats, who listened to a keynote address from Mr. Morrow's opponent, former State Senator Alexander C. Simpson. While congratulating the Republicans "upon their public espousal of this fundamental Democratic doctrine" (states' rights), the Democrats doubted that they would really attempt to do anything about prohibition. Look at the Republican plank of 1927, they said. It promised to let the people decide whether the State Legislature should ask Congress to modify the Volstead act. Yet the promise was never kept.

Evidently the Democrats have forgotten that Republican affairs in New Jersey are now directed by Mr. Morrow. The Rev. Dr. James K. Shields, superintendent of the New Jersey Anti-Saloon League, has a better memory. Mr. Shields declares that the Morrow type is the type to be feared—"the quiet, dignified, scholarly churchman of evangelical persuasion, who never rants but who stands for the action that will prove fatal to the Eighteenth Amendment." As he admits, if Mr. Morrow is sent to Washington this fall, New Jersey will be doing more than electing just another wet Senator. Mr. Morrow's nomination made him the leader of the wets in the national Republican party. His election would make him not only a possible candidate, but a good strong candidate, for the Republican nomination for President.

Passing the Pie

ON APRIL 24, the House of Representatives, by the overwhelming vote of 324 to 49, passed a World War veterans' pension-grab bill which would have cost the country $181,000,000 the first year and might eventually have cost it as much as $400,000,000 annually. The basic plan of the measure was simple—to pass out more pie. It was adopted because our national legislators were fearful lest veterans knife them on election day.



Wide World

MORROW'S OPPONENT

Alexander Simpson, Democratic nominee for Senator in New Jersey

The House product was a bit too flagrant even for the politics-ridden Senate, which slashed the first year's cost to $110,000,000 and the ultimate cost to about $235,000,000 annually. Two months after the House had acted, President Hoover, who until then had taken no part in the conversation, warned the Senate that the passage of its bill would imply increased taxes at the next session of Congress. He also submitted a letter from Director Hines of the Veterans' Bureau, who pointed out that about 375,000 of the 4,500,000 World War veterans were already being compensated at a cost of about $205,000,000 a year; that all veterans participate in the benefits of the war risk and bonus legislation, bringing the bureau's total annual expenditures to $510,000,000, and that eminent physicians had declared that disabled veterans compensated by the new bill could not possibly have contracted their disabilities in the War.

The Senate met this warning contemptuously, passing its bill by a vote of 66 to 6. The bill as amended by the Senate was then unanimously adopted by the House and sent to the President, who promptly vetoed it—be it said to his credit—and sent it back. While Speaker Longworth moved among the members uttering the statesmanlike warning that "there are more taxpayers than soldiers," the House upheld the veto, by a vote of 188 to 182. Forty minutes later, by a vote of—believe it or not—365 to 4, it passed a substitute bill with a first year's cost of about $50,000,000 and an eventual annual cost of about $80,000,000. The Senate had not taken final action on this bill at the time of this writing.

Need for Principles

IN HIS VETO of the pension-grab Mr. Hoover indicated that it was not so much the money—though that feature was bad enough—as the principle of the thing. The point to be noted, however, is that there isn't any principle or any set of principles on which pensions are or can be based. The rule is that veterans get all they can squeeze out of politicians, which means, of course, that they get a great deal.

Mr. Hoover pointed out that the bill he vetoed was not primarily intended to aid veterans wounded or disabled in the War. It was intended to benefit from 75,000 to 100,000 veterans suffering from specified diseases incurred, not in the War, but in civil life since the War. He deplored "the spectacle of the Government practicing subterfuge in order to say that what did not happen in the War did happen in the War."

Do we here discover one principle which has been used in doling out veterans' pensions—that they should be confined to men actually disabled in the War? We do not, though this principle

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strikes us as sound. Pensions for Civil War veterans were not limited in this fashion by any means; in time, they were given to every single veteran who reached the age of sixty-two. It should be noted, moreover, that the second House bill, aside from the cost, is quite as bad in fundamental theory as the first. Its benefits would apply to disabled veterans whether their disability were incurred in the War or not. In the words of its author, Representative Johnson, "All veterans, whether affected by gout, rickets, or any other ailment, will be eligible for payments."

It seems to us that the pensions problem calls for one of Mr. Hoover's beloved commissions. The task of such a body would be to study the whole pensions question, and to advocate a series of principles on which pensions hereafter could be distributed.

This is not a job for a congressional committee, which in the end would probably provide a dollar an hour for all voting ex-soldiers who develop hangnails. It is a job for an independent body of private citizens who are not dependent on the votes of organized groups. Such a body could readily evolve a number of general principles which would have the support of the country. If Congress deviated from them the fact would be noted and could be effectively recalled on election day. Probably we will not hear the last of World War veterans' pensions for many a year to come. It is but sensible, therefore, to fashion a few fair yardsticks by which requests for pensions may be measured.

▸▸*Sea-water Power*

Hard luck tags along faithfully with Georges Claude, the Edison of France. For the second time, the great steel tube, six feet in diameter and a mile long, one end of which he has been trying to lower into the deep waters of Matanzas Bay in Cuba, has broken up and been lost. But Claude will try again, this time with the co-operation and protection of the Cuban government. The scientist-inventor, who put the liquefaction of air on a commercial basis, made acetylene gas practical and invented the neon lamps we all see nightly, would hardly throw up the sponge after only two failures. Within two months, he says, he will have a new tube completed and ready to be submerged.

Just what is Claude trying to do? So novel a thing that it might have been poo-pooed had he not been Georges Claude. Yet it is based on the best of science; in fact, on common laboratory physics. Claude's idea—and it has worked on more than a laboratory scale—is to boil warm tropical surface water and run a turbine with the steam.

Water boils at 212 degrees—in a tea kettle; that is, under atmospheric pressure. Put it in a vacuum and it will boil at the melting point of ice, or in a partial vacuum at eighty degrees, the temperature of tropical sea water. This leaves us with the problem of creating and maintaining the necessary vacuum. An engineer would say, "Solve it by condensing the steam after it has gone through the turbine." To condense steam takes cold water. In Matanzas Bay, water at forty degrees exists 2300 feet below the surface; both needs, cold water as well as warm, are convenient there. Claude's big tube was designed to bring up this cold bottom water.

As any man of science knows, the amount of energy available in tropic water is beyond conception. It represents the stored-up energy of the tropical sun. If Claude finally succeeds in getting the engineering "bugs" worked out of his process, the prospects are good that all the water power in all the world will look small beside the power made available in the tropics.

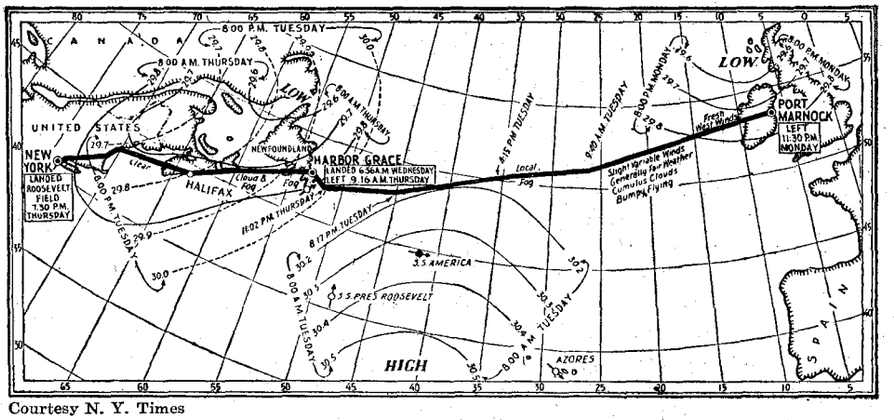
The Claude project will repay watching. Scientists and engineers take it seriously. Some day it may change the economic map of the world.

▸▸*Flight of the Year*

Major Charles Kingsford-Smith and his three companions have achieved the flight of the year. When their three-motored Fokker monoplane, the Southern Cross, settled down at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, it became the second heavier-than-air craft to span the Atlantic from east to west, the first to dignify that crossing with a landing at an airport, and the only one to have flown both the Atlantic and the Pacific. Just two years earlier Kingsford-Smith flew this plane from California to Australia.

From Port Marnock on the Irish Sea, the Major piloted his ship toward New York, sharing his dream of a non-stop flight with Co-pilot Van Dyk, Navigator Saul and Radioman Stannage. Against fuel-exhausting headwinds, they flew through fog over the Atlantic into fog off the Grand Banks. There the compass went crazy, bearings were lost and precious fuel was misspent in drifting. Small wonder that the aviators rejoiced and landed when a rift in the clouds revealed the airport at Harbor Grace. The refueling there and the hop to New York were prosaic, but in many minds they stamped the enterprise as a success. The four men did not attain their goal without a stop, but they did attain it. Altogether, it was a sensibly planned and cleanly executed flight.

It none the less served to limit, rather than to expand, the airplane's potentialities. Despite the three motors, the two-way radio communication, the lengthy wait for favorable weather, the skill, daring and foresight of the aviators, the flight was extremely dangerous and might easily have ended in disaster. Van Dyk is frankly convinced that commercial transaltantic flights from west to east will never be safe or practicable. The tons of fuel necessary for this flight would have prevented the Southern Cross from taking any pay load even had one been available. Regular trans-ocean service might be feasible—though it is hard to see how it could be profitable—for lighter-than-air ships, but it



Courtesy N. Y. Times

HOW TO FLY AN OCEAN

Route of the Southern Cross from Port Marnock to New York

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seems beyond the possibilities of the heavier-than-air ship as we know it today.

The crew of the Southern Cross has not opened any new era in aviation. It has simply demonstrated that the old era is still very much with us. Under favorable conditions men may fly the North Atlantic, but they don't do it easily, and be it noted, they don't try it twice.

Wide World

ZARO AGHA

Longevity champion of Turkey; he is 156 years old—maybe

▶▶Zaro Pays a Call

NEW YORK CITY, just recovering from its welcomes to Admiral Byrd and Kingsford-Smith, will soon have another noteworthy visitor. An extraordinarily old one. Zaro Agha, ex-piano-mover and doorkeeper of the Municipal Building at Istanbul, Turkey, is already on high seas, bound for the Battery.

No one is quite sure why Zaro is coming. Some say he will tour the United States under the auspices of temperance organizations, attributing his longevity to total abstinence. Others say he will sell autographed photographs of himself for the benefit of old folks' homes. Some say he has matrimonial designs on a rich American lady who "owns eight battleships and four yachts," and who wrote to him, inviting him to visit her and enclosing one dollar. Others say he just got tired sitting by the door of the Istanbul Municipal Building and decided to take a boat ride.

Whatever his reason for coming, we plan to have no part in his welcome. We are opposed to Zaro Agha. Partly, this is because we believe in monogamy and Zaro, rumor whispers, has already had eleven wives, two or three at a time. How can this man help having a destructive influence on the young, particularly in such morally uncertain states as Kansas? Furthermore, we have a feeling that, when it comes to his age, Zaro Agha is a—well, pardon our bluntness, a story teller. One minute, if he is correctly quoted, he confesses to 158 years. The next he is 156, or 154, or even 150. Once a man starts playing down his age, underestimating it, lopping off a few years, there is no telling what he will do next. If Zaro is 158 he should say so and be done with it. He should not be allowed to go running around America pretending to be younger than he is.

▶▶The Wickershammers

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES did well to eliminate the $250,000 appropriation which President Hoover would have given to the Wickersham commission for the present fiscal year. The Senate did almost as well to reduce the sum to $50,000 and insist that it be used in investigating prohibition enforcement. The best possible course for the Wickersham commissioners would be to go home quietly and quickly. The next best would be for them to confine their work to prohibition.

But they won't do the one, and, despite the Senate's orders, neither will they do the other. Since Congress has so directed, the $50,000 must be expended on the prohibition investigation alone. Mr. Hoover, however, will seek—and doubtless get—private funds enabling the commission to proceed with its colossal and unnecessary job of investigating the observance and enforcement of all the laws there are. To this there can be little objection. Private citizens who wish to spend their money on the Wickersham commission should be allowed to. The Government's funds can be used to better purpose.

There are plain reasons why the commission has lost the confidence of both public and Congress. In the first place, the basic plan of its inquiry is confusing, if not downright dishonest. It had been assumed that Mr. Hoover would appoint a commission to conduct a sweeping and sincere investigation into prohibition abuses and to recommend means of overcoming them. Instead, his commission was directed to investigate law enforcement in general, as if prohibition were but one minor phase of the subject. Apparently the commissioners will neither dare nor be permitted to recommend that the dry laws be liberalized. Apparently they will neither dare nor be permitted to pass on the merits of the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead act. Their inquiry is, therefore, largely beside the point.

If the commission is to stick to the surface of the prohibition question, merely advocating minor adjustments in the enforcement machinery—as it has done, and probably will continue to do—it will prove a waste of time and money. Thus far its recommendations on prohibition have been entirely superficial. Only one of them—that centralizing enforcement in the Department of Justice—has been adopted by Congress.

The commission can still redeem itself by forgetting everything else, getting down to work on prohibition and making a series of suggestions designed to get us out of our Jones-Volstead mess. But we should like to bet a hat that it won't.

▶▶He Got the Job

WE TRUST THAT Amos Walter Wright Woodcock likes publicity, appreciating its power to make him a national figure. We trust that he will be satisfied with $9,000 a year, plus easy assurances that, if he devotes himself to the task in hand, he will have his reward later on. These things he is going to get. Whatever else he gets he will have to grin and bear.

Harris & Ewing

DRYER-UP

A. W. Woodcock of Salisbury, Md., becomes Director of Prohibition Bureau

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Mr. Woodcock hereafter will be directly responsible for the enforcement of prohibition. An ardent dry, he may not realize just what he is up against, but the fact remains that his job is not only thankless but downright impossible. Mr. Woodcock has fought many battles in his legal career, which has made him Assistant Attorney General of Maryland, adviser on prohibition laws to the Wickersham Commission and United States Attorney for the Maryland District. He has likewise done some fighting in the army, on the Mexican border and as Captain, Major and Lieutenant Colonel in the World War. But these engagements will seem mild compared with those he will fight as head of the prohibition enforcement bureau in the Department of Justice.

Aside from the industrial alcohol bureau, which, headed by Dr. Doran, will remain in the Treasury Department, the prohibition unit has been transferred to the Department of Justice, as Mr. Hoover and his Wickershammers desired. But, with the possible exception of Mr. Hoover and the Wickersham Commission, no one seriously believes that enforcement will henceforth be noticeably tighter. The dry laws simply cannot be adequately enforced unless Congress increases the funds for the work by millions, perhaps billions, of dollars a year. Yet if they are not adequately enforced Mr. Woodcock will be blamed for it. If by some miracle he did succeed in tightening up enforcement, he would be blamed for that too, since the country has no desire to become any drier than it is.

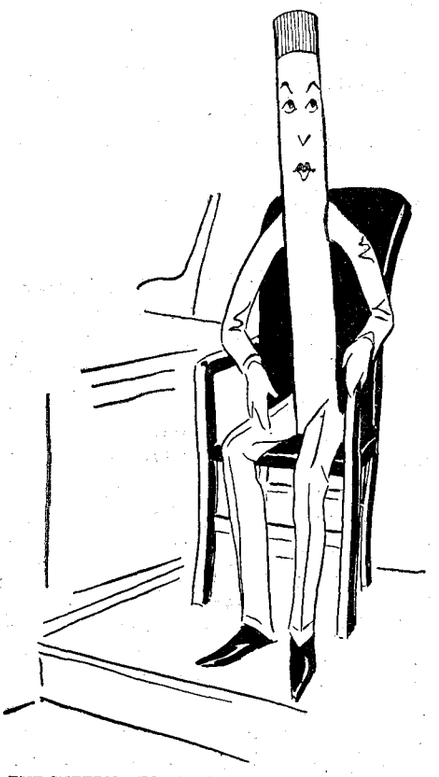
From now on, Mr. Woodcock's character, his motives and his mentality will be just so many targets. For our part, we hasten to cast the first stone. Mr. Woodcock says his one promise is that "the Bill of Rights will be observed." Sounds as if the fellow were in the pay of the liquor interests.

▶▶*C. I. Garettes*

A RECENT Associated Press dispatch from Salem, Oregon, must have given many readers the poignant sensation of peeping into the past. "Oregon voters," ran the story, "will decide at the polls next November whether cigarettes shall be banished from the State . . . The proposed constitutional amendment would forbid manufacture and sale of cigarettes or materials and make it unlawful to import, possess, purchase or give them away."

How this brings back the old days—the lovely, bright, blurred days of the early part of the century, when children, through Sunday Schools or the local chapter of the W. C. T. U., were banded in a grim fight against the coffin nail. Against Prince Nicotine. Oh, the meetings and the songs. The ACL badges on sailor blouses. The fervently-repeated, "I pledge myself with the help of God to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage and from the use of tobacco in any form." The charts, displays and statistics. The blowing-through-the-

"Mr. C. I. Garette Doomed to Burn"



THE INTERNATIONAL ANTI-CIGARETTE LEAGUE
"To save the boy from the cigarette."
58 West Washington Street
Chicago, Illinois

handkerchief tests. The pictures of guinea pigs who had died proving that so many drops of nicotine will kill a guinea pig. Where are they all; where are they now? Gone?

Not at all. A petition containing 15,753 names in support of the Oregon measure argues that the anti-cigarette spirit still lives. In Chicago, the national anti-cigarette headquarters still does business at the old address—organizing, boosting, warning, collecting statistics, citing horrible examples and mailing literature. Pledge cards are selling at thirty-five cents the hundred, emblems five dollars the hundred, posters sixteen for a dollar. Available also are such documents as "50 Questions Answered Scientifically," "John Learned to Smoke Behind the Barn" and the playlet "Mr. C. I. Garette Doomed to Burn." Twenty-five cents will bring you one hundred copies of the cigarette treatment prescription—a mouthwash of silver nitrate solution. For a few cents you might almost convince yourself again that the "little white hearse plume" is deadly and should be stamped out by law.

It would be pleasant to feel young and credulous, to fear the bogey-man again. It would be pleasant to be swept by impassioned, cock-sure assertions into believing one's self a part of a great crusade against evil. But, alas, there is really nothing to prove that cigarettes, properly used, do any noticeable harm to any one. Then again, remember how the manufacture and sale of cigarettes doubled and redoubled and redoubled again as a result of hostile legislation. Nowadays most people are smoking just about as much as they want to. If the practice were made extra delicious by being prohibited, the entire nation might have to start producing cigarettes to satisfy the demand.

▶▶*Simon Report—Part II*

THE BRITISH parliamentary commission headed by Sir John Simon was appointed two years ago to "extend, modify or restrict" self-government in India. Taken as a whole, its recommendations merely modify it. The commissioners have labored long and faithfully at a herculean task, but their report is nevertheless uninspired, timorous and disappointing.

The one drastic recommendation is that Burma be separated from India and regarded as a distinct part of the Empire, with a governor of its own. India itself, the commissioners believe, should be organized as a federation, which at first would consist of the nine governors' provinces alone. While the ruling princes of the numerous principalities—which are not, strictly speaking, British territory—could not be forced into the federation, the commissioners trust that they would gradually enter it of their own accord.

Each province would be controlled by a government responsible to a native legislature elected by a sharply increased number of voters. "It is our intention," the commissioners say, "that in future each province should be as far

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as possible mistress in her own house." Actually, however, the British Governor of a province might act much as he pleased to "preserve the safety and tranquillity of the province," to "secure the carrying out of any order received by the provincial government from the Government of India," and so on. These are broad powers. Probably they would be so broadly interpreted that natives would run each provincial government save when the Governor wished to run it himself.

Similarly broad powers over the central government would be reserved to the Governor-General. The commission recommends that the national Legislative Assembly of 145 members be displaced by a Federal Assembly of about 280 members, elected, not by the people, but by the legislatures of the provinces. Among other things, the national legislators would have the power of shaping tax laws. However, if the Governor-General believed that the safety, tranquillity or interests of British India, or any part thereof, were involved, he could disregard the legislators and enact the tax laws himself. Nor would the Federal Assembly be permitted to vote supplies for the Army. The Governor-General would attend to that. To him also would go the power of overriding a provincial government on matters affecting the raising of a loan or the safeguarding of imperial interests or the interests of other parts of India.

This, then, is how the Simon commissioners greet the demand that Britain relax her body grip on India. They greet it by advocating that Britain hold on for dear life.

▸▸*Unsatisfactory*

NEEDLESS TO SAY, the Simon report does not satisfy Indian Nationalists. "We simply shall not pay the slightest heed to it," declares Pandit Motilal Nehru, acting Nationalist leader. The Bombay *Chronicle,* Nationalist organ, dismisses the report as "atrocious." Moreover, Indian moderates are almost as hostile as extremists. To one representative Liberal leader the report seems "reactionary, short-sighted and petty-minded." The Indian *Daily Mail,* Liberal organ, describes it as "Simon's sorry folly." Even the London *Daily Herald,* mouthpiece of the British Labor party, holds that the Simon recommendations merely tend to stabilize the present system and insists that the report has "evaded the main problem."

Fortunately, nothing compels the British Government to accept the Simon plan as written. It can be, and to some extent no doubt it will be, made over in Parliament. Just now Indian moderates, anxious for peace in their country, are primarily concerned with the attitude the British Government will take toward the Simon report in the forthcoming round-table conference. This conference on India, scheduled to be held at London in October, will probably be attended by Indians of all shades of political opinion, though possibly the Nationalists will cut it. If the Government stands on the Simon recommendations the round-table conference will in all likelihood prove futile.

Columbia Broadcasting Co.

HE'LL BE AN AVIATOR
Says Evangline Adams of the Lindberghs' son and heir

No one, not even the most fervid Nationalist, really expects that Britain will meet the extreme demand for complete Indian independence. What the Nationalists hope is that, having promised Indian dominion status at some time in the conveniently distant future, Britain will take definite steps toward putting her promises into effect. The rainy season has dampened Nationalist demonstrations for the time being, but they may flare up again and spread unless the British Government shows a disposition to go beyond the Simon report. Britain's problem in India is appalling. Many coldly practical objections can be brought against the idealistic Indian drive for self-government. Yet surely Britain might meet this movement in a more sympathetic and liberal spirit than any she has thus far shown.

▸▸*Lindbergh, Jr*

NO SENTINELS stood on the highways in traditional fashion to pass along word of the birth of America's crown prince. What with a radio network all spread for the announcement and a specially composed song ready to be sung in his honor, the sentinels, though they would have been nice, were hardly necessary. Moreover, such is the reticence of the family in Englewood, New Jersey, that we have been unable to learn whether there were good and bad fairies bending over the infant's cradle, bringing him gifts.

In one respect, however, the ceremonies ran true to form. No sooner had the child's birth been announced than soothsayers produced their charts and symbols and plotted his future. Both Evangeline Adams (despite her photographs, we picture her in a tall, pointed cap made of litmus paper and decorated with the planets which rule pyorrhea) and Laurel Miller (she, we are sure, wears a half-moon upon her brow and long robes decked with stars) submitted horoscopes for the Lindbergh heir. The stars, it seems, told them conflicting stories. The public may take its choice between the child's two possible futures.

According to one astrologer, young Lindbergh will be a flier. According to the other, he will not. He will have "courage, energy, initiative and strength." He will be "languid, nervous, stubborn, fond of pleasure, given to learning by intuition rather than by studying and to feverish activity beyond his physical strength." He will be a social lion with talents toward diplomacy. He will be a mechanic and an inventor of airplane motor parts.

As for us, we have no knowledge of astrology, save a vague conviction that it has something to do with the gums. Nevertheless, we venture to add a few predictions of our own. We predict that the child will be little seen in the rotogravure sections in the near future, but that later on, say in the presidential year 1932 or 1936, he will be much seen, frequently in the arms of his maternal grandfather. We predict that he will cling to worn-out toys, dislike spinach, go from Deerfield Academy to Amherst to Harvard Law School to Wall Street and become famous by merging all the aviation companies of the world into

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one huge business. We predict that he will not combine all the good qualities of his mother, father, grandmothers and grandfathers. We predict that if he does he will be just a little too good to be true.

▶▶*Trouble in Malta*

THE BURDEN OF ruling an empire weighs heavily on the Government at London. If it is not rebellion in India or unrest in Egypt, it is a church-state controversy in Malta.

A tiny island sixty miles south of Sicily, Malta has strategic importance all out of proportion to its area of ninety-two square miles. Since 1814, when it was taken from Napoleonic France, it has served as a link between Gibraltar and the Suez Canal, supporting British naval supremacy in the Mediterranean. Loss of control over Malta would weaken the chain of imperial communications running from England to Australia. Developments in Malta are therefore closely watched in England.

Long brewing troubles had come to a boil when the British Government suspended Malta's constitution, placing dictatorial powers in the hands of the Governor. The difficulties involve discontent with high taxes and with efforts to make English, rather than the prevailing dialect, the national tongue. Primarily, however, they arose from a disagreement between the Prime Minister of Malta and the Holy See regarding the future of a Catholic prior. The Holy See had ordered him to Sicily. The Prime Minister commanded him to remain in Malta. When the Archbishop declared that it would be a mortal sin to vote for the Prime Minister's party in the impending elections, the dispute became a diplomatic incident. An attempted assassination of the Prime Minister called forth long statements from the Vatican and Downing Street. Eventually the British Government ordered Malta's elections indefinitely postponed.

Recognizing the existence of a pro-Italian party in Malta, Britain will take no steps which might be interpreted as a retreat. The Government curtly refuses the Vatican's request that the Prime Minister of Malta be removed and insists that the Church direct the citizens of the island to vote as they please. The Vatican, too, may be loath to surrender in its first diplomatic encounter with a major power since the settlement of the Roman question. Meanwhile, the situation is made to order for those in Malta who, after two thousand years of colonial rule, still hanker for self-determination. The trouble in Malta is but a pin-prick to the British lion, but pin-pricks occasionally cause serious complications.

▶▶◀◀

Remarkable Remarks

I believe that the flexible provision can within a reasonable time remedy inequalities; that this provision is a progressive advance and gives great hope of taking the tariff away from politics, lobbying and log-rolling; . . . that with returning normal conditions our foreign trade will continue to expand.—HERBERT HOOVER.

I hope I never live to see another tariff revision.—SENATOR JAMES E. WATSON.

It is impossible for men to indulge in drink without involving the whole community in the habit.—EVANGELINE BOOTH.

Men differ widely as to the wisdom of the Eighteenth Amendment.—SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE ARTHUR M. HYDE.

I have been appointed to the bench, not because of any legal attainment or ability, but simply because Franklin Roosevelt is my friend.—JUDGE JOHN E. MACK.

Desire to act in American movies is universal.—FRED NIBLO.

It will be a long, long time before any one suggests anything that will linger longer and produce more laughs than did the time-honored, softly oozing, snugly sticking custard pie.—MACK SENNETT.

The modern idea of home has been well expressed as the place one goes to from the garage.—GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM.

What is all this about Babbitts being wrong? . . . I think they're grand guys. Who started all this anyway? —SINCLAIR LEWIS.

No one knows how far I have gone.—ALBERT EINSTEIN.

▶▶◀◀

▶▶*Naval Treaty's Prospects*

UNLESS THE SIGNS are all misleading, the London naval treaty will be ratified in the special session of the Senate to be called immediately. As much was indicated when the Committee on Foreign Relations reported the treaty to the Senate by a vote of sixteen to four.

The objectors were Senators Johnson, Moses, Shipstead and Robinson of Indiana. These and other opponents will argue that the treaty puts us at a disadvantage in relation to Britain and Japan. They will then seek to kill the London agreement by delaying it to death. At their request, twenty-three Senators, many of whom will probably vote for the treaty, have vainly petitioned the President to postpone the special session until after the elections in November.

Anti-treaty Senators dare to doubt that the treaty has the voters' support. They know that well-informed voters may have nothing against it save its ultra-conservatism. But they also know how easy it is to arouse the average citizen's anger and win his approval by belaboring a foreign country while describing its dastardly plans to do America in. If they can carry their issue into the November elections they may return to Washington considerably strengthened. So, at least, they hope.

Realizing what they are up to, the Administration naturally wants the treaty ratified at once. Hence the special session. Senator Johnson's cohorts will meet this move by insisting upon the fullest debate. While the Senate steams beneath the Washington sun, they will then seek adjournment before the treaty has been ratified. Possibly their manoeuvre will succeed, though this is not likely, since opposition to the treaty is confined to a very small group. Friends of the treaty should be able to invoke the cloture rule, shut off debate and push the treaty through.

We believe they can do so and we believe they should. We also believe the President should call a special session not only of the Senate but of the House as well. A week or ten days should give the treaty's opponents time enough to speak their feeble pieces and its advocates time enough to bring it to a vote. The following month or two could be profitably devoted to the problems of relieving unemployment and of preventing and ameliorating economic depressions by public works programs or otherwise. It does not seem unreasonable to ask our national legislators to perspire a bit in Washington when so many of their constituents elsewhere are either in financial straits or out of jobs or both.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HAVE SELDOM seen a more pitiable exhibition of senatorial bushwhacking than that which opponents of ratification of the London Naval Treaty are staging. We do not mean to impugn their motives, since a thorough scrutiny of the pact convinces some of its friends that it is little more than a peaceful gesture, but we are surprised at the futility of their strategy and the childish procedure they have been following. Washington's wonder grows, too, because such ordinarily able assassins as George Moses of New Hampshire and Hiram Johnson of California head the anti-pact squad. We fear they must be losing their fire, growing feeble and weary in these topsy-turvy political days, or else that the lessons of the League of Nations struggle have been forgotten. Whereas they posed, and were accepted, as a blessed band of crusaders in 1920, even though they sometimes struck below the belt, they now proceed in accord with the most modern methods of Chicago or Central American banditti. It is, from a purely technical view, a poor performance by men from whom we have the right to expect wicked and pitiless perfection.

It is true that they tramp along to sure defeat without the articulate assistance of the redoubtable William Edgar Borah, who, to the utter puzzlement of enemies and admirers, has again turned his broad back upon one of those movements to which he was wont to devote his life and his oratory. His ways are strange, indeed.

Though he has no more use for the naval agreement than his former associates in the enterprise of "breaking the great heart of the world," and never misses a chance to disparage it and its supermen-sponsors, he intends to vote for it. We hear that he bewails and bludgeons it at his daily afternoon conferences in his senatorial dug-out, but we note that he wipes the sneers off his lips as soon as he enters the Senate Chamber. We fear we must abandon our rash hope that the Idaho sage would, for once, stick to his ship, even though it be a vessel of destruction. We can hardly blame him, however, since he comes up for re-election in the fall, and he may have ascertained that the good folk in the hinterland accept Secretary Stimson's praise of the pact as a sort of Administration bull.

Mr. Stimson, we are told, can claim little credit either for the pact itself or its approval by the Senate. We do not like to puncture his self-esteem, of which he has not a little, but we hear there would have been no opposition worthy of notice had he not proved the worst sort of spokesman for the Administration both before the senatorial committee and the microphone. Whether deliberately or not, he essayed to enlighten veteran members of the Foreign Relations Committee on kindergarten matters unrelated to the treaty, and, by the same token, said not a word of the issues which have since become controversial. "This is a gun, this is a ship and this is the blue water on which naval engagements are fought" is, only slightly touched up, the kind of statement he submitted to senatorial inquisitors.

Columbus Dispatch

These brides are sincere about it, too

Though reputed to be an excellent barrister, the Secretary of State, we hear, tossed his supporting evidence out the window. By deprecating the 1922 disarmament treaty negotiated by Charles Evans Hughes and the anti-war pact which bears the name of Frank B. Kellogg, Mr. Stimson created the impression that the ballyhoo attending their consummation was also bunk. Of course, what he meant to say was that without continuing progress toward disarmament the 1922 and 1929 steps would get us nowhere, but, for some reason he exalted his own endeavors at the expense of his predecessors.

We think it unfair for the Senators to hold this against the Secretary because his misplacement of emphasis was obviously due to his unfortunate manner, and his ill-concealed conviction that he excels all who held the same portfolio before him, not excluding Thomas Jefferson himself. Nevertheless, Washington has suffered the same sort of disappointment in the Secretary of State that it has in Attorney General Mitchell. Both were expected to prove strong and dominant members of the presidential household, and both have fallen quite short of expectations.

We would not be surprised if Mr. Kellogg shared the senatorial attitude toward his successor. He was, we hear, so incensed to discover, upon a recent visit to the State Department, that his note restating the Monroe Doctrine had not been delivered to South and Central American nations, that he forgot himself and spilled the story to several newspaper correspondents. Though a departmental subordinate bottled up this juicy piece of news with the emergency suggestion that perhaps Mr. Kellogg was not speaking for publication, we are told that the former Secretary of State broke out again upon a subsequent trip to Washington and let the cat—or note—out of the diplomatic pouch.

There is not, we are sorry to say, the same cordial spirit between the Coolidge and Hoover janizaries that prevailed when the two men exchanged places a few years ago. We hear that servitors under the preceding Administration resent the thoroughness with which Mr. Hoover has seen fit to abandon many of his predecessor's notions. But that lordly proprietor, columnist and insurance man, we learn, keeps aloof from these petty rivalries, resting content with his new Northampton estate and the cow he has purchased to provide fresh milk.

No longer, we suspect, does he fuss over past, present or future, if he ever did. We like, for instance, the fine spirit of tolerance and understanding he breathed when a friend recently suggested that "Mr. Hoover was having a hard time in the White House." "Yes," responded Calvin dryly as he gazed ruminatingly out the window. "I got out just in time."

A. F. C.

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▶▶ Prosperity and Prohibition ◀◀

Now that the reputation of the Republican party as the cause of our profits is temporarily tarnished, we shall no doubt soon be hearing from that other claimant for the honors of American prosperity: Prohibition. Particularly will this be the case if, as seems likely, the present economic depression begins to disappear and good times return. For prosperity, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Only in bad times do the charlatans of civilization stand out as the false prophets of the land. Said President Hoover, some time ago: "The crowd only feels; it has no mind of its own which can plan. The crowd is credulous. . ."

Were this not so, the present business situation would long since have discredited those Republican statesmen who strive so majestically to make us believe that their particular jig-saw piece is the key to the whole puzzle. It would long since have shown up the false pretensions of those prohibition economists who point to the Eighteenth Amendment as the source of all our radios, savings accounts, automobiles and material progress. For the bitter is inevitably linked up with the sweet. And to date we know of no Republican statesman or prohibition apologist who has stepped forward to claim the business depression and the successive stock market crashes as the pretty result of his panacea. Instead, we are told—with truth this time—that our present ills are not at all connected with a Republican administration or an Eighteenth Amendment.

▶▶ THERE IS a definite gain in this. For, once political buncombe and prohibition buncombe stand discredited in the public mind as either producers or destroyers of our material progress, an intelligent and constructive view of things becomes possible. Political buncombe and prohibition buncombe cease to obscure the problem we must solve and the first step toward a solution is taken.

Looked at from this angle, one thing stands clear from the confusion which attends our understanding of present day economic civilization. Much of our prosperity depends in the long run upon the discoveries of our technical laboratories and the commercial application of those discoveries to our high pressure, mass production civilization. Granted raw materials and reasonably normal times, nothing else matters much. So long as technical discovery keeps pace with technical economies in mass production, there will be new jobs for men thrown out of work. Periodic depressions will occur. But these will not be of long duration provided mankind's new toy or useful device is forthcoming. And an intelligent view of the technical laboratories may give each time the key to the length of the depression.

▶▶ THE GERMANS have been aware of this for some years, ever since the War took from them their control of raw materials and directed their minds to the fact that technical invention made all raw materials of uncertain value. Almost over night a new combustion engine could render an oil field a drug on the market—until another use for gasoline was found or a better engine invented. Most of our leading industries have been keenly conscious of this fact for some time. Wherefore our great technical laboratories devoted to research and invention, sometimes wholly divorced from the commercial end of the business. The discovery of today is the employment bureau of tomorrow.

▶▶ IN SUCH a situation, for intelligent industrial and political leaders to talk of total abstinence from liquor by American workingmen either as an important factor in our prosperity or a necessary thing for its continuance is to talk arrant nonsense. It is not pertinent in this place to argue that prohibition has never been anything more than a gesture, or that Americans drink alcoholic beverages anyhow, more so in the Volstead era than before. That is a question for discussion and proves only the necessity for temperance education. Nor is it relevant to argue that speakeasies, crime, gangsters and lawlessness have or have not been the bitter fruit of Volsteadism. These things belong in the sphere of government where, as Dwight W. Morrow has pointed out, the liquor question belongs also. Nor is it to the point to discuss character, family life and American morality in their relation to alcohol. These things belong to the humanities.

▶▶ TODAY an uncomfortable proportion of American labor is on the street, prohibition or no prohibition. We are in the midst of a business depression that has no more to do with the Eighteenth Amendment than that police statute had to do with the material prosperity which has been ours for the last eight years. We are in the grip of economic forces. We know that every new machine invented to reduce costs of labor means that thousands of men lose their jobs at the same time that more goods are produced. We know that these thousands of men must secure new jobs before they can become consumers again and join the purchasing power of the country. New jobs come only from new industries or new inventions in old industries. Therefore we know these men will be out of jobs until the present stocks of goods on hand are exhausted or technical discovery makes possible some new industry like the motor or airplane industries. Meanwhile, year by year, other men will lose their jobs and depressions will reappear unless one or both of two things happen. Either technical discovery will keep exact pace with technical labor saving devices, or the competitive system under which we live will be brought into line so that labor saving machines will mean shortened working hours for all instead of jobs for a few and unemployment for the rest. In neither case will bone dry prohibition be a factor.

▶▶ IN THE MEANTIME, to seek to identify prohibition with prosperity is to write one's self down as a charlatan or an ignoramus. If the Eighteenth Amendment was chiefly or partly responsible for our prosperity in the last eight years, then it is chiefly or partly responsible for our unemployment and depression today. Nobody in his senses believes any such thing. The fact of the matter is that a far better prosperity case could be made for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment than for its continuance. Then at least the government would receive in taxes the millions that now go to bootleggers and so to finance the most powerful and dangerous underworld this country has ever known.

The Editors

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Texas Free-For-All

By ALLEN PEDEN

TEXAS DEMOCRATS will go to the polls in their primary on July 21 with the main issue party integrity.

By party integrity is meant a great deal more than mere party regularity, in whose name the defeat of Bishop Cannon in Virginia and Senator Simmons in North Carolina, as well as the barring of Old Tom-Tom Heflin from his party ballot in Alabama, have been generally interpreted. A comprehension of the real issue, as represented in these states, as well as in Texas and the South generally, is of great importance to the cause of liberalism in the nation. For in this movement is represented a strenuous effort and a splendid opportunity to convert the Democratic Party once again into the potent force for personal liberty, human as against property rights, and local self government for which it was originally designed. It is a comprehension that even the witch-burner leaders themselves have only lately acquired.

Cannon in Virginia, Simmons in North Carolina, Heflin in Alabama, Love in Texas were so short-sighted in their vainglorious bolt into the Hoover ranks in 1928 as to fail to realize that they were, in very practical effect, abdicating control of their state party machines to the liberal element they were so fiercely determined to vanquish. Not until after all the shooting was over, and they had elected Mr. Hoover, did it begin to sink into their, by then disturbed, consciousness that they were on the outside looking in as far as state Democratic affairs were concerned. My own acquaintance is with Texas, but Texas is typical and will serve excellently to illustrate the point.

WE HAD our state Democratic convention in the refinery city of Beaumont in May, 1928. The great bone of contention, naturally, was the delegation to the national convention, to meet in Houston the following month. Dan Moody, our young, red-headed Governor—who had, by the way, the greatest opportunity presented to any young man in American politics in recent years, and missed it through sheer lack of capacity—had been preaching "harmony" as between the factions favoring and opposing Al Smith. John Boyle, of San Antonio, Catholic lawyer, able political leader, who can always deliver the San Antonio district vote of 40,000 to 50,000, and who has the serious respect of even his worst political enemies, led the former. Tom Love, of Dallas, a veteran professional politician, ardent Bryanite, prohibitionist, anti-papist, of whom more anon, the latter.

Representation of the three groups in the convention was about equal. Boyle demonstrated his strategic ability immediately by joining forces with Moody and helping elect his card of convention officials over that espoused by Love and the fanatic drys. He was thereafter able, through the balance of power he carried, to block all resolutions designed to commit Texas irrevocably against Smith, or any wet candidate, and very nearly succeeded, by invoking the good old Democratic principle of local government and district selection of delegates, in sending a delegation to Houston which would have voted for Smith as soon as it had discharged its courtesy obligations to Jesse Jones, "favorite son"—Houston capitalist, publisher, a great hero just then for having secured the national convention with his famed blank check. Dan Moody, however, though he had several times publicly committed himself to that very principle prior to the convention, deliberately betrayed it when he saw the consequences of its application and threw his support finally, in a tragi-comic crisis, behind the hand-picking of a delegation which would suit his own and Tom Love's views.

So much for Beaumont. The Houston story has been too often told to need repetition here. Al Smith's acceptance telegram in which he boldly announced his opposition to prohibition, gave the Loves, Heflins, *et al*, the excuse they had been looking for to bolt. They charged him with exceeding the authority granted him by the party platform and excused their own defection by the example allegedly set by the nominee.

So much of the story is fairly well known and understood. But the bolts themselves, and their consequences, are still only obscurely comprehended, even in the states where they occurred. In Texas, for instance, the actual bolt took place in a second state convention in Dallas in September, 1928. It was undoubtedly organized by Love, but was physically led by Oscar Colquitt, former governor, quondam violent anti, but now an ardent political dry, who stamped his short, paunchy self off the platform at a given signal and marched up the aisle of the convention hall followed by roughly one-third of the delegates to a roaring chorus of boos and cat-calls. He and his friends had an excited meeting on the steps of the building while the regular convention, having thus discharged itself of its indigestible content, pursued the happy and uninterrupted tenor of its way toward planning for the coming election and securing its assumption of party power by the election of a liberal executive committee.

The executive committees of the several political parties in Texas, though stripped of much of their power by an absurd election law, yet remain the party governing bodies. And since in Texas, as in most southern states prior to 1928, the Democratic party has been so overwhelmingly dominant that its nominations have practically meant election, control of the Democratic executive committee has meant control of all essential political policies of the state. For nearly a generation, or since the period of Bryan's hey-day, it has been in the hands of what has since become notoriously known as the "witch-burner" element. And for the greater part of that time, Tom Love has been its dictator. He it was, it may be remembered, who headed the Texas delegations in San Francisco and New York where they formed potent, stubborn supporters of the Klan and McAdoo. Not until the certainty of Smith's nomination in '28 began to loom on the horizon was his regency ever threatened.

It is quite possible that if he had not let his resentment and bitterness against Smith get the better of his generally astute judgment, his displacement might have been but temporary. But when he and his friends walked out of the Dallas convention and into the Republican voting ranks the following November, he left the liberals, who hated him and his ideas of government just as much as he did them and theirs, an opportunity, which they were not slow in seizing. By the time the convention adjourned, every executive committeeman who bore the slightest witch-burner tinge had been booted off and his place filled with a man carefully chosen for his known

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liberal conceptions and responsible influence in his district. Its present members are essentially the same group of younger men who contributed so largely to the success of Dan Moody's first campaign and attainment of its primary objective of ending the intolerable misrule of the Fergusons. Charlie Renfro, of Dallas, Steve Pinckney, of Houston, are typical examples; alert, sincere, courageous young lawyers, eager to bring an end to the era of fanaticism which has held Texas, as her sister southern states, in political bondage.

Well, the election rolled around and we all know what happened then. The combined Republicans and Hoovercrats of Texas were able to poll a 30,000 majority out of about 740,000 votes and put Sam Houston's state into the Republican ranks for the first time in its history. Great rejoicing in the bolter ranks! A celebration dinner in Houston! Much loud talk about the dire fate in store for those Democrats who had dared to stay loyal.

The latter continued on through 1929 and into the spring of this year. Not until then did the deserters begin to realize their situation. At last, though, it dawned on them that they had had some 150,000 real Republicans with them in their great "victory" and that, alone, they were in an obvious minority in the Democratic party—or would be if readmitted. Indeed, it wasn't until equally late in the game that they were compelled to consider seriously the possibility of their being permanently exiled. Hadn't they shown their might? Surely the men who had seized control of the Democratic party in their absence would not dare risk the loss of a state election to the Republicans by once more driving the zealots into their arms!

But that, as it turned out, was exactly what these audacious young liberals were fully determined to do. Pleas for harmony, for "healing the wounds," for "presenting a common front to the common and traditional enemy," were raised loudly on all sides, through the Dry press, by "regulars" such as Dan Moody, Lynch Davidson and others whose sympathies were all with the bolters, though they cast their ballots for Smith to keep their records clear. But they fell on deaf ears. The young men on the executive committee were too wise to be fooled by such a move. They saw very clearly that to permit the bolter element to return unchastened would mean, in effect, to turn the party right back over to them. They saw, furthermore, that they had the opportunity of a lifetime to make the natural cleavage of the two irreconcilable wings of the party permanent, and forever end the bitter strife which had rendered the organization so impotent for far too long. They made up their minds to re-

Dallas Morning News

Re-enter the Stateswoman

establish a unified party, even at the cost, if need be, of losing a few state elections to the Republicans. They felt sure that all intelligent Democrats, who really comprehended and espoused the fundamental Jeffersonian principles, would support them in their stand. They were prepared, in other words, to tell all Hoovercrats not ready to acknowledge their error and promise to behave, to take themselves bag and baggage out of the Democratic party and into the Republican, or any other party which could stomach them as a regular diet, and good riddance of bad rubbish!

It must be apparent to the reader at all experienced in politics that these young men are not professional politicians. Such Spartan firmness of decision and action, where it might involve the loss of major state offices to the opposing party, seldom emanates from men seeking, first of all, to protect their own political hides rather than advance the interests of good government and intellectual honesty. And that the Texas Democracy should have an executive committee with such a membership must impress upon liberals over the nation, as well as in Texas, the fact that the national defeat in '28 was in reality a blessing in disguise for their cause. Tangible evidence has already been offered of its great value by Virginia, North Carolina and Alabama. When an aroused and determined group of young Democrats in those states can lay low such stalwarts of intolerance and compulsory morality as Cannon, Simmons and Heflin, it is indeed high time for rejoicing.

The young men of the Texas committee, unfortunately, have encountered serious difficulties in the way of attainment of the bold purpose just described, by which they had hoped to join their three sister states. Most of these difficulties have emanated from what I have already referred to as an absurd primary law. They proceeded, expeditiously enough, to serve notice on Tom Love, who had announced his intention of running for governor, and all other bolters, by a resolution passed in a committee meeting in April, that their names would be admitted on the primary ballots as candidates for nomination by the party they had so flagrantly betrayed.

Old Tom immediately rushed to the Supreme Court, asking it to mandamus the committee to put his name on the ballot, pleading that he had violated his sworn pledge of '28 to support the nominees only because of the excruciating pain it would have given his "conscience" to keep it, and pointing to a clause in the statute which, while specifically granting an executive committee power to set up and enforce qualifications for entrance into the primaries and conventions of its party—designed to permit the barring of Negroes—carries a concluding paragraph denying the

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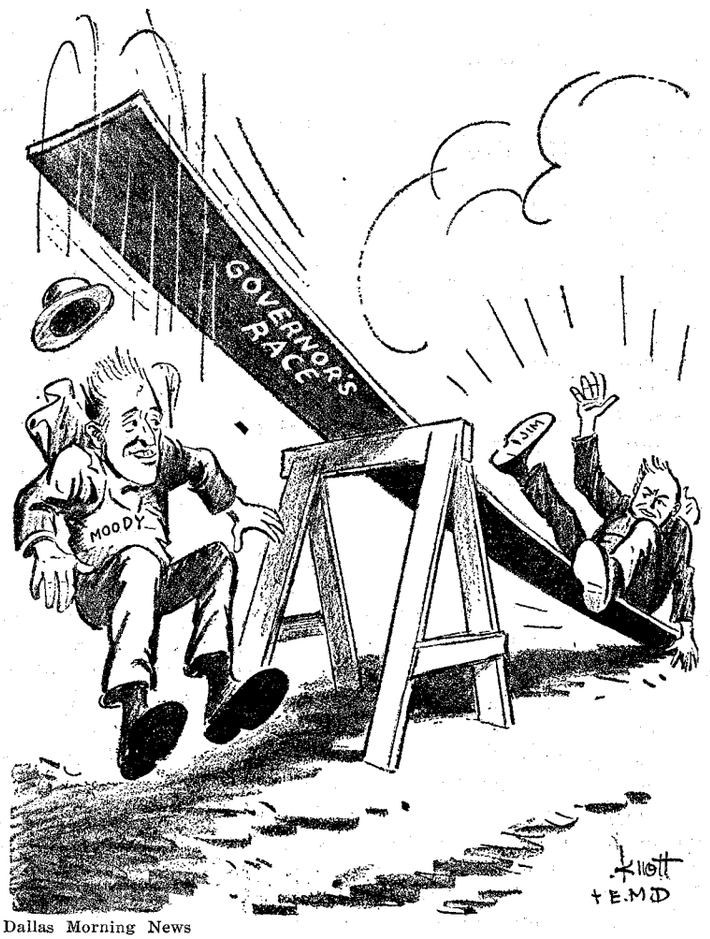
exercise of that power as a disciplinary measure.

A very strong array of counsel for the committee contended ably that the statute was itself unconstitutional in its entirety; that a party, being a voluntary association of similarly minded individuals, possesses the inherent right to govern its internal affairs; that the state presumes beyond its authority when it interferes in such governance; and that the denial of such facts must be a fatal blow to party liberty and render it impossible for any party to function effectively. The Court, after weeks of deliberation, handed down a decision which ignored the point of constitutionality and granted Tom's application for a mandamus.

All might still have been well, despite this set-back, but for the further idiocies of the primary system—another of those plagued nostra for which the American people seem so prone to fall. Confronted with the impossibility of summarily forcing Tom and his followers out of the party, as they had hoped, the liberal group were successful in securing a capable candidate to carry their fight for party integrity against Love into the July primary. Jim Young, lawyer, banker, farmer and former Congressman, of Kauffman, a small East Texas community, is a prohibitionist and not altogether ideal from a liberal viewpoint, but he is, withal, a tolerant man as well as an efficient executive, and in the trying times of '28, though himself a Baptist and resident in a hotbed of Hoovercrats, he accepted chairmanship of the Smith campaign for Texas and denounced the political preachers of his own and allied Protestant denominations, who were lifting the fagot of bigotry, in vigorous and fearless fashion. A man, in other words, well suited to the immediate job of spiking Tom Love's guns as Bailey spiked Simmons' in North Carolina, and of sustaining the existing committee in its supremacy.

Then the primary and its stupidities stepped in to muddy the water so greatly as to threaten a complete obscuring of the vital issue. Under the primary, the party no longer seeks its nominees with the considered deliberation possible under the old convention, even with all its faults and inadequacies, but must make its fumbling selections from amidst a nondescript mass of "volunteer" candidates, largely composed of ruthlessly self-seeking individuals, who thrust themselves upon it.

When Young's candidacy was announced, there were already six or eight other men who had signified their intention of running for governor. They included the famous Jim Ferguson, Earle Mayfield, whom the Klan elected to the Senate and who was defeated for re-election by Tom Connally, Tom Love, Barry Miller, present Lieutenant-Governor, and several other ambitious obscurities. Under such a line-up, the difficulty of centering popular attention upon the Love-Young conflict would have been rather great, but not impossible. But in the last weeks before the final filing date for candidates, there was a veritable avalanche of entries. R. S. Sterling, prominent oil man, capitalist and publisher, chairman of the state highway commission under Moody, and Lynch Davidson, wealthy lumberman, twice lieutenant-governor and twice unsuccessful candidate for governor, both of Houston, entered the fray. So did Clint Small, of Amarillo, energetic independent oil operator of the northwestern plains. So did Frank Putnam, veteran newspaper man, with prohibition repeal his lone issue and with no organized support. So did two or three more. Jim Ferguson, in the meantime, had been finally eliminated by the Supreme Court's decision that his impeachment had forever disqualified him from holding office, despite the famed "amnesty bill." But he had shoved Maw back in to run for the family. It looked for a while as if Dan himself were going to yield to his yen to have a shot at a third term, but he for once showed good judgment by refraining. As a crowning stroke, and to illustrate how utterly impotent the Supreme Court with its prize decision had left the executive committee, a group of practical jokers sent in a petition, containing the required number of signatures under the statute, requesting the secretary of the party to enroll R. B. Creager, Republican national committeeman and Texas Republican dictator, as a candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. The secretary, accepting the petition, said that he had no other choice, since the Court had denied the committee's power to bar even so demonstrable a Republican from its ballots and privileges.



Dallas Morning News

No one to see-saw with

It shouldn't be hard to see what the little group of liberals are up against. They and their candidate are the only ones who see the importance of holding the gains made in '28 for the rapidly approaching national battle of '32. As a matter of fact, none of the other candidates, with the single exception of Putnam, are themselves liberals. Sterling, Davidson, Small are not witch-

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Checking Multiple Borrowers

THE American Bankers Association is hot on the trail of the bird who borrows not wisely but with too great catholicity. Its Bank Management Commission is directing the campaign and the details are being handled by credit bureaus set up by clearinghouse associations in several hundred cities, towns, counties and regional districts.

For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, the multiple borrower is in a class by himself. In these days of good roads and rapid transportation facilities he has become, say the bankers, "a veritable pest and menace to the banking fraternity." He doesn't stop with two-timing the bankers. The first survey made by a recently established county credit bureau revealed the fact that 17% of all the borrowers were getting loans from more than one bank. Twenty-seven were borrowing from 5 banks; 15 from 6; 8 from 7; 4 from 8; 2 from 9; and one customer, who surely should be awarded the diamond belt, was borrowing from 10 banks at the same time.

The remedy for this situation is, of course, co-operation in the form of an interchange of information concerning loans. Through the credit bureaus the member banks provide each other with lists, giving the names of all borrowers and the amounts loaned. If any bank, with such information in hand, wants to make further contributions to customers whose credit is already over-extended, it does so with its eyes open and at its own risk.

A Picturesque Industry

SOME ONE, and Allah grant that he arrive while our eyes are still able to struggle across the printed page, is going to make a killing with a book approaching our great industries from the romantic side. Steel, wheat, cotton and even coal,—all these deserve treatment by dramatists and painters as well as by statisticians. And at the top of the list we should put—oil.

The production of petroleum is chock full of romance from start to finish. It is so fascinating that even the layman, once he has discovered its lure, becomes an addict and eagerly clutches at every opportunity to see more of and learn more about this modern miracle. The sheer uncertainty of it, the technical difficulties, the national and international jockeying for supply control which makes the industry picaresque as well as picturesque,—these and many other factors give petroleum a glamour no ordinary mortal can withstand.

And now the robot is added to the cast. If you go to Tulsa next October and visit the International Petroleum Exposition you will see a vast oil tank farm operated by an "electrical brain." This project is being developed by the petroleum division of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, which is establishing a permanent experimental station in the heart of the oil country. Pressure produced by oil in the various tanks will be communicated to the "brain" in the pump station, which will automatically shunt the fluid from a full tank to another in which the oil level is low. It just can't be done, and yet it will be, as sure as oil is oil.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) June 28—85.7. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) June 28—77.8.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended June 14—927,754 cars (reduction of 7,893 under preceding week and of 143,491 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended June 21—66% of capacity (reduction of 2% under preceding week and of 29% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended June 21—daily average gross 2,598,850 barrels (increase of 27,350 over preceding week; reduction of 165,650 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended June 21—1,783,000 bushels (reduction of 80,000 under preceding week; increase of 639,000 over same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended June 26—$11,607,142,000 (reduction of 11.2% under preceding week and of 2.4% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended June 26—490 (increase of 3 over preceding week and of 65 over same week of 1929).

Still More Vagaries

IF THE FLOOD of "business oddities" sent in by readers of the Outlook continues, we shall have to blow ourselves to a special file, and possibly hire a Secretary for Vagaries. In any event, the latest consignment includes:

1. That man in the Ozarks, 118 years young, who farms 15 acres of land and spends his spare time making railroad ties.

2. Those members of the New York State Retail Jewelers' Association who met at Utica and voted not to wear shirts with buttons attached at the neck and cuffs.

3. That Philadelphia Irishman, Michael O'Neill, called off a scaffolding to receive news of a fortune left him by his Aunt Mary in Drogheda. On the way down he stopped a minute "to wallop the foreman."

4. That deranged Brazilian, Joao Zigo, who was discharged by a telephone company but went to another village, assembled men and materials on the company's credit and built ten miles of line in the wrong direction before his operations were discovered.

5. That German capitalist who ate no breakfast, a fifteen-cent lunch, and an eighteen-cent dinner; made two suits of clothes last more than twenty years; owned buildings in Berlin, oil wells in Galicia, and clock factories in Switzerland; and left a fortune of twenty-five million dollars over which 300 relatives are now squabbling.

6. That five-mile railroad near New Orleans which is a century old and for many years burned wood in its locomotives. At one time, sails attached to the roofs of the coaches were used to help along the sputtering wood-burning engines. This is the only railroad in America whose entire mileage can be seen from one spot.

Ethics and Finance

IN *The Ethical Problems of Modern Finance* (Roland Press $2.00) have been assembled six notable lectures delivered during 1929 on the William A. Vawter Foundation at the Northwestern University School of Commerce.

Two deans and four bankers contributed: Dean Ralph E. Heilman of Northwestern; Dean Wallace B. Donham of Harvard; Melvin A. Traylor and Harold A. Rockwell of Chicago; Trowbridge Calloway of New York; and William F. Gephart of St. Louis.

The deans deal with business ethics in relation to education and the community. The bankers, in the order above listed, discuss the ethical problems of commercial banking, the modern trust department, investment banking, and the newest forms of financing.

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▶▶ Can We Call the Turn? ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THE sweeping changes which have occurred in industrial, trade and speculative activities in recent months have revived the discussion of the value of business forecasting. Is it really possible to indicate in advance with any degree of accuracy the major turns of the business cycle? To what extent was the present recession predicted, and to what extent did the management in important lines of business heed the forecast and set houses in order? And if the forecasters can call the turn, what do they say about the next one? When will business conditions cease to be subnormal?

Most of these questions remain unanswered. The first is still debatable, and the second would require much digging into records which are still too recent to be readily available to investigators. The forecasters themselves are now preparing answers to the others. Of course, no reasonable business man expects the forecaster to be an economic soothsayer and predict coming events with minute detail. Yet, if forecasting is to be helpful it should be broadly right in the great majority of cases, so that a business executive may feel reasonably safe in following its indications.

If forecasts prove to be wrong about as often as they prove to be right, they can hardly be much more useful in the long run than is the old-fashioned method of guessing or acting on "hunches." And so the forecaster, in order to justify his service, must do better than get an even break.

An interesting attempt has recently been made to gauge the results of forecasting by six of the leading services during the period from 1918 to 1928. The results appear in a brochure by G. V. Cox entitled *An Appraisal of American Business Forecasts,* published by the University of Chicago Press. The author has made a test of the forecasts by the Babson, Brookmire, Harvard, Moody, National City and Standard Statistics services. He has graded them by several methods, in an effort to determine (1) the degree to which each monthly forecast conformed to the later developments, and (2) the success with which they indicated the major swings of the business cycle at critical periods in this decade.

On the first of these tests—the general accuracy of the forecasts—it was found that the services scoring highest were right nine times out of ten, and that those scoring lowest were right three times out of four. The average for the best service was very high, and even for the lowest it indicated enough accuracy to make the service useful.

The second test—the ability to indicate major changes in the trend on business—was the one of most importance. The business man is interested, of course, in the immediate outlook, but he is vastly more interested in what the long swings are going to be. In predicting the major turns the forecasters were not so successful. In many cases, however, their advice was helpful even when it did not indicate the full significance of the impending changes. The major turns were called correctly by one or more of the services in about one time in four; but their surveys and diagnoses were useful in meeting these developments about three times in four. As a rule, the more pronounced the cyclical swing, the greater the success with which it could be predicted. Obviously, a sharp reaction like that of 1920-21, coming after a period of wild price inflation, could be foreseen more readily than a milder reaction like that of 1927-28.

SUCH a study goes to show that business forecasting has its uses, but that it is not a substitute for good judgment and good management on the part of the executive. He may utilize it in making his decisions, but he may not wisely let it decide for him. From the very nature of things, long-range forecasts must always be subject to a considerable degree of inaccuracy. The developments which they predict are affected by two influences which are ever changing and are subject to no control—the weather and the human factor.

The forecaster who undertakes to gauge the state of business during the coming autumn will probably proceed on the theory that weather conditions will be normal. But instead of normal weather there may be drought or an excess of rainfall, or an unusually early or late frost. All these things will radically affect the farmers' purchasing power, and the result will show itself in the business of merchants, manufacturers and the railroads. A forecast worked out with the highest skill and the most painstaking labor may thus be knocked to pieces by fickle nature.

Then there is the human element. Let us assume that all the important forecasting agencies had predicted at the beginning of this year exactly the sort of business recession which has since occurred, and that business men generally accepted the prediction as authoritative. The moment they did so they would begin to plan and act differently. The whole situation would be altered, and the forecast might then go completely awry. If business had gone on in the same way the prediction might have proved accurate, but when credit policies were changed, production schedules revised, inventories overhauled, and prices readjusted, the chance that what was predicted would happen would be substantially lessened.

This does not disprove the value of the forecast; in fact, it would have served a most useful purpose by facilitating a necessary readjustment and reducing losses to a minimum. It is possible, then, for a forecast to prove to be completely wrong and at the same time to be exceedingly helpful. Paradoxical as it may seem, the greater the reputation of the forecaster and the greater the number who accept his conclusions, the greater becomes the possibility that his predictions of major movements will go wrong. Suppose, for example, he announced that a financial panic was impending. That prediction would either stampede the country into the panic prematurely, or else it might cause precautions to be taken which would prevent the panic from coming at all. And the chances would favor the latter outcome.

But the forecaster is something more than a prognosticator. He is also a fact-finder, and it is possible that in this field he does his best work. By assembling data from many sources, by refining statistics through adjustments for seasonal variations and normal growth, and by comparing and interpreting, he is able to supply business men with a background of authoritative information regarding the current trend of production and distribution which assists them in keeping their affairs in order and in adapting themselves to new conditions with greater facility than would otherwise be possible.

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▶▶ To Yale, the Trident ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

WHEN CORNELL'S huge eight played that shoddy trick on all the newspaper experts by literally paddling to an open water triumph at Poughkeepsie, the Big Red crew did more than revive memories of "Pop" Courtney's invincible stewardship—it conclusively settled the mythical national rowing championship of 1930.

There's a catch in this bald statement. Instead of winning that mythical title for itself, the Poughkeepsie victor boosted Yale's superbly synchronized eight into the place of honor. Earlier in the season Yale demonstrated a clean cut superiority over Cornell on Lake Carnegie.

Rowing on Princeton's dead-water course—the fairest test of oarsmanship since there is no current to shove the shells along—Yale had a three length margin over Cornell. True, the distance was just under two miles, but rowing precedent yields abundant proof that a crew good enough to win at two miles is almost certain to repeat its victory at four miles. The notion that there's a cleavage between so-called "sprint crews" and "distance eights" is an exploded fallacy. A two mile race is *not* a sprint, requiring a blend of speed and stamina which insures the winner equal success in a four mile pull.

Yale's unbeaten 1930 eight looked more impressive in tow-roping Harvard by nearly six lengths on the Thames than did the Ithacans in giving eight rivals its wash on the choppy Hudson. Students of rowing are convinced beyond a reasonable doubt that the long reaching, low beat stroke taught by Ed Leader, with the emphasis on a vicious catch, is more effective at four miles than the relatively short sculler's stroke which Jim Wray favors—a technic that slurs the catch; applies its power late, behind the outrigger; and stresses a sharp punch at the finish.

Under normal conditions, Wray's crews, having less length in the water, must row a higher beat than Yale's to attain the same speed. At Poughkeepsie, with a head wind kicking up a nasty sea, Wray's Cornellians held the stroke down to the incredibly low average of twenty-eight beats per minute—just a paddling gait. Unusual weather conditions conspired to prevent a truly run race, though Cornell might well have won under any circumstances.

Unbiased judges who witnessed the New London and Poughkeepsie regattas came away with the conviction that Yale could have packed up its rowing equipment on the evening of the Harvard race, shipped its shell to the Hudson, and showed its rudder to the intercollegiate field, Cornell included.

The Tappen-stroked Eli eight is the fastest boated at New Haven since the 1924 Olympians set the Seine as well as the Thames on fire. If this 1930 crew lacks something of the sheer power that characterized the Lindley-Kingsbury-Spock combination, it possesses in lavish measure the elements of fluent coordination, rhythmic balance, meticulous slide control and smart use of hands which are the hallmarks of a typical Leader-coached eight.

Underwood

The victorious Cornell crew rowing back to the boathouse

As usual, the Poughkeepsie regatta left an acrimonious aftermath. It becomes increasingly apparent that the Hudson course, except on one of those rare calm days, does not provide a fair test of oarsmanship for more than four crews. When eight or nine boats start, the batch out in mid-stream are either seriously handicapped by rough water or else have the advantage of a rip tide—depending upon the strength and direction of the wind and the state of the water.

Given a head wind and a choppy sea, such as prevailed this year, the crews which draw the sheltered lanes under the Highland shore have the best of the going. "Old Dick" Glendon, the veteran Cape Codder who coaches Navy, remarked: "Cornell, in lane number two, had what amounted to a three length advantage on the crews out in the middle of the river. I guess the Ithacans would have won in any lane, but my boys shipped water steadily and finally swamped."

If the stewards want to insure a fairly rowed race, they must limit Poughkeepsie entries to four competitors or run the event in heats. The latter suggestion is impractical, given a four-mile race, and nobody wishes to restrict the starters in a regatta which has become national in scope, but, as things now stand in this nine-crew scramble, contenders are at the mercy of the elements.

To make matters worse, the course was inadequately patrolled. Striving to be in at the death, thoughtless pilots of launches and speed boats crowded alongside the trailing shells, smothering the frail cedar skiffs with a surging swell. One presumptuous coast guard cutter threw its wash over the gunwales of several contestants—a disgraceful episode which prompted an official protest.

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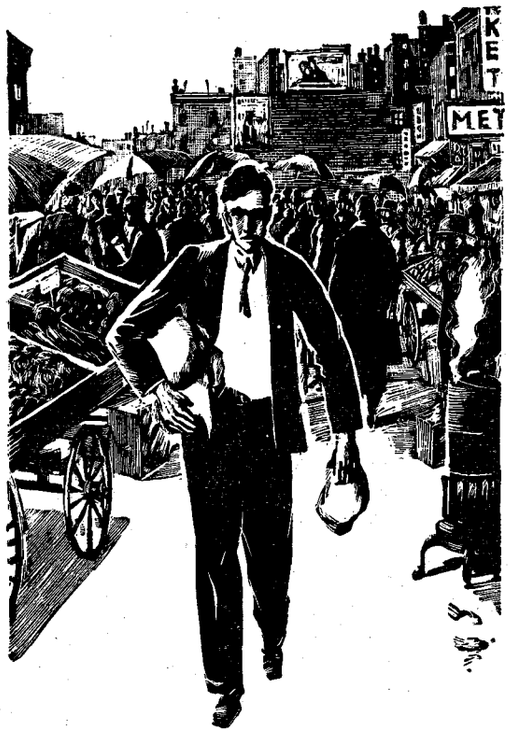
The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

FICTION in verse is not the novelty which the publishers of *14th Street* by Percy Shostac (Simon and Schuster $2.50) would have us believe. So far as we know, the first stories in the world were told by poets. We are too little a student of free verse to say whether Mr. Shostac's book is poetry or prose set up in uneven lines. But Mr. Shostac has at least one of the qualities of a poet. He lives in and writes of and from emotion, exclusively. His book is, presumably, autobiographical, and tells the simple story of a Jewish boy, a dweller in New York's Bohemia, who loved a married lady and lost her to her husband. Deserted by her, he cannot understand why she has left him and cannot forget her. He tells, first, the history of their love affair, and then analyzes the reasons for its ending in terms of his knowledge of life, especially sex-life, work and his race. The world seems to be made up of two kinds of people: those who think that every one who does not live as they do is "inhibited," and those who think that every one who does not live as they do is immoral. Mr. Shostac belongs to the first group. He attributes what may very well have been some good sense and a lot of indifference to the Puritan complex or the Victorian inhibition. He has nothing new to say on any of the many subjects which he discusses. Even his conception of the Jew as surviving because of his masochism is held and has been expressed by others. But what he has to say is honestly said, and sincerity illumines his otherwise pretty dull pages. And its sincerity may give *14th Street* a value in the eyes of the many readers who always confuse the human document with the work of art. But the value will be a false one. This common current attribution of artistic importance to the out-pourings of self-analysis with which hordes of writers (and many of them are young Jews) deluge us has resulted in a breaking-down of critical standards, here. The human document, *per se*, is not art. If it becomes so, it is because it is the work of an artist. And, although the inspiration and the expression must be entirely sincere, sincerity is not likely to be the most conspicuous characteristic of the finished work. "Maybe through saying it," writes Mr. Shostac, in his introductory chapter (canto?),

"The mess in me can be mopped up.
—*Maybe by telling it*
I can purge myself."



Illustrations by Kurt Wiese in "14th Street," Percy Shostac's novel in verse (Simon and Schuster)

Many people nowadays purge themselves in this particular way. They are at liberty to write. You are at liberty not to read, if you do not care to assist at an extremely private operation which, we believe, has been performed in public only by certain seventeenth century kings.

There is another new novel in verse. Alas, not a serious one. Nor as funny as it is meant to be. Joseph Anthony, who wrote a poem about the stock exchange ruckus last fall, again assumes a laureate's duty toward current events, and in *Casanova Jones* (Century $2) writes the silly saga of prohibition enforcement. Casanova Jones, "a gentleman sober, a gentleman blotto," is a revenue agent who is accustomed to paying alimony to his wife in the form of cases of Scotch for her night-club. How he fell in love with a "poetical siren, with the negligent air of a feminine Byron," and won her by having a label printer publish her poems; how he got a speakeasy owner to give a literary tea for her at which the Congressman from Indiansas whose wife was leader of the Water Girls, took a drink the gurgle of which was heard 'round the world; how the populace staged a new Bastille day, and the élite of the land landed in jail; and how the president, David Tomorrow, had to take cognizance of it all at last; these many hows form the plot. But it would have taken a W. S. Gilbert to have made a rhyming book of it that was good from first to last.

But there is a really funny book published this week. If nations could be laughed out of war, Jacques Deval would be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. His *Wooden Swords* (translated by L. S. Morris, Viking $2.50) has had the French laughing for a year. And now, under the chaperonage of the Literary Guild, we are to be given the chance to laugh, here, over the adventures of a soldier in the Service of Supplies, a hopelessly near-sighted soldier. "It has been my fate," he says, "to make those obnoxious jokes that are tolerable only in intimacy, to strangers I have mistaken for old comrades; and invariably I make cynical and adventurous approaches to some perfumed lady who is revealed, on closer view, as an old friend of the family." This unfortunate fate pursues the myopic hero of *Wooden Swords* throughout his military career. His eyesight keeps him out of the trenches, but not out of rifle range, for he receives his baptism of fire during an accidental appearance at target practice. He fights the war with typewriter, broom, spittoon and mop. There is a brief and ridiculous excursion into metallurgy, and some highly disgraceful episodes. When the hero finally reaches the front, the typewriter is still his only weapon. Eventually he is gassed and sent home, unwept. This delightful book does not let the reader down. It starts funny and

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it stays that way. The fine gallic touch, delicate and daring, strokes and flicks the slight material of the story into a perfect piece of cheerfully ironic nonsense, which pokes effective fun at all the solemn hullabaloo of militarism. The literary quality of the original is preserved in Lawrence Morris' excellent translation.

The Browning love-story, perhaps the most charming, certainly one of the most curious in literary history, is again the subject of a book, *Andromeda in Wimpole Street* by Dormer Creston (Dutton $3). To Louise Boas' careful biography and Carola Oman's delicious novel, *Miss Barrett's Elopement*, both published last winter, Dormer Creston adds this deft and delicate picture of Andromeda, chained to a sick-bed, the prey of her dragon father, and of the young, bold Perseus, who found her and set her free. The chapters which set the stage for Browning's coming are quick, sensitive biography, with quotations from letters; so is the last chapter on the idyllic married life of the Brownings in Italy and France. In between come "Perseus, the Deliverer," and "The Hidden Garden," chapters in which the delightful literary courtship and the romantic elopement are disclosed largely through quotations from the Browning love letters, with necessary—and often witty—explanatory paragraphs. The depressing, aggravating picture of the exceptionally talented girl who was the victim of an illness that was permitted to become hypochondria, of a stupid, tyrannical father, and of a general atmosphere of prudery and repression, is succeeded by the touching and inevitably amusing picture of the maiden lady rescued and rehabilitated by love, her health in great measure restored, her genius set free to soar. Such a story has elements of humor, but is too human to be silly. There is a spring garden fragrance to the love-letters, intense, often obscure in phrasing, to the fluttering friendships, to the Dickensy sort of wedding, with empty church and swooning bride, and to the flight with the maid and the spaniel, Flush, who must not "make a sound or I am lost." But there is nothing very spring-like about the figure of the heavy father. It is difficult to understand why his refusal to be reconciled to "such children as finally escaped could have been such a grief to him.

Miles Poindexter, former United States Senator and Ambassador to Peru, has written two scholarly volumes on *The Ayar-Incas* (Boni and Liveright $10), whose ancient civilization collapsed before the onslaughts of the Spanish Conquistadores. The volumes are learned, elaborately annotated, indexed and beautifully illustrated. There are careful descriptions of such remains as have been discovered, and there is a great deal of convincing guess-work about the Aryan Asiatic origins of the Ayar-Incas, and about the extent of the diffusion of their culture in the Americas. The material in the book is fascinating. Unfortunately it must be added that the books read like a congressional report, and, while extremely valuable to students, it is unlikely that they can interest the general reader as much as the material would warrant.

From "14th Street"

Received too late, here, to be entitled to a detailed review, but not too late to be enjoyed by this reviewer is *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham* (Doubleday, Doran $1), another of H. G. Wells' social satires in the form of prophetic fiction. As prophesy, the novel is not as convincing as some of the early Wells tales, and some vital points of the plot, such as the boycott of the precious Gas L, are tiresome. But the book is first-rate social satire, even if one doesn't agree with the premises or conclusions. What joy this tale should bring to the new mechanists! The world war of the future, which is going on in the novel, is brought about by the activities of the believers in the stream of history, the classicists, the moderates, the lovers of tradition, who play right into the hands of the militarists. One of their number, Mr. Parham, is dictator of England. Money, big business, and science are his enemies and the saviors of the world. Who do you suppose is England's chief opponent in the war, and who stops the war, and how does it stop it? You will enjoy this diverting and provocative book even if you do not see eye to eye with H. G. Wells in the matter of the U. S. A. and the masters of the machine age.

In celebration of the bimillennial anniversary of the birth of Virgil, three addresses which were delivered at Princeton last winter have been issued in book form as *The Tradition of Virgil* (Princeton University Press $2). The essays are quite informal, and, as such, have a particular charm for the casual reader of Virgil, if there still are such people. The first on "The History of the Text of Virgil" by Junius S. Morgan, is the work of a bibliophile, who describes the various forms in which Virgil's works have appeared from the second century (some of the Byzantine illustrations of this copy are reproduced), to the eighteenth. A good many of these rare volumes are owned in America, now. "Virgil and Dante," the essay by Kenneth McKenzie, is a simple description of the rôle of Virgil in the Divine Comedy. And the third paper is on "Virgil and the English Mind" by Charles S. Osgood, in which the writer discusses briefly the enormous influence of Virgil's style and subject matter upon the English poets. Here we find not only the obvious ones mentioned, such as Milton and Tennyson, but also the Anglo-Saxon epic writers to whom, in view of the fact that Virgil was the only pagan poet whose works were sanctioned by the church and were therefore possessed by the monasteries, Mr. Osgood attributes familiarity with Virgil's works.

The Patriot's Progress, the new novel by Henry Williamson, which has recently been published by E. P. Dutton and Company, was not received in time for review in this issue. It will be reviewed next week.

Frances Lamont Robbins.

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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

WHILE the doctrinal controversies which shook the Presbyterian Church and other evangelical churches a few years ago have abated there still remains a definite cleavage between the fundamentalists and the liberals. One of the ablest exponents of the former was Professor J. Gresham Machen, formerly of Princeton Theological Seminary but now of the new Westminster Seminary. His scholarship is beyond dispute and what he writes is entitled to respect. His new book, *The Virgin Birth of Christ* (Harper) is a full and complete discussion of that mooted question. He digs into the sources of this doctrine and he comes to the conclusion that "the virgin birth is an integral part of the New Testament witness about Christ." Moreover, Dr. Machen is convinced that when belief in this doctrine goes belief in the resurrection generally goes with it and the whole structure of Christianity falls. He takes his stand squarely upon the basis of a supernatural religion. Dr. Machen's new book is the best statement of the case for fundamentalism we have read. The argument moves steadily from point to point; the language is vigorous but kindly; the style is lucid. Not a few will wish that there were not such a conflict between this whole conception of religion and the scientific temper to which miracles are anathema. When science denies religion Dr. Machen abandons science. Not so, however, with Dr. Justin Wroe Nixon, one of the clearest thinkers among the liberals. His new book is called *An Emerging Christian Faith* (Harper) and it is an attempt to adapt the Christian message to this age just as the early Church Fathers adapted the faith to the Greek world. With full knowledge of this scientific and machine age, Dr. Nixon writes, "I believe that religion is a valid and essential interest of man; that science in all its phases is complementary to religion but no substitute for it and that the greatness of the achievement of our generation depends upon our continued ability to appropriate life's meaning, the sense of direction, the incentives and the energies which it is the function of religion to make available." Dr. Nixon would have religion accept "the challenge of secularism not as a summons to dig itself in as a religion of escape from a world that has baffled it but as a summons to growth in inner integrity as well as in the power to assimilate the nobler tendencies of the secular order." Dr. Machen and Dr. Nixon illustrate vividly the contrasting ways in which religious leaders in evangelical Protestantism are seeking to meet the modern temper.

It is a truism to say that the outstanding handicap of Christianity in meeting this present situation is found in its divisions. These have been well called a scandal. However, most of us have assumed that these divisions were what they purported to be, actual divisions due to dividing convictions, but H. Richard Niebuhr, Dean of Eden Theological Seminary, upsets this view of the matter in his recent book, *The Social Sources of Denominationalism* (Henry Holt). He advances the thesis and, in the opinion of this reviewer, completely proves it, that denominations are not due to differences in theology and philosophical thinking about religious issues but rather to class differences and race and national differences. Many churches have arisen because groups of humbler folk have been kept out of or made uncomfortable in the established churches. Others have arisen and have been perpetuated among national groups. Color, too, has played a part. This is indeed a significant book and by making churchmen conscious of the real basis of these divisions it ought to do much to clear the way for church unity. We recommend it heartily.

But of course more than church unity is needed if religion is to function vigorously in this secular age. There must be a zeal such as that showed by the early disciples. That zeal is not something which can come merely by wishing for it. It can come only through, what Christians call, the spirit of Pentecost. How important this is for the church is brought out by John M. Versteeg in *Perpetuation Pentecost* (Willett, Clark and Colby). In this book the author proposes that the followers of Jesus today fulfill the conditions of that early day. If they do he is certain that there will follow a baptism of power. He believes in the social gospel; he believes in religious education; he believes in individual conversion; but he believes that none of these can achieve the goal of the Christ filled life and a society based on love without the spirit of Pentecost. Writing on the same general theme, Richard Roberts in *The Spirit of God and the Faith of Today* (Willett, Clark and Colby) also calls the Church back to Pentecost. He does not write as popularly but he makes all this seem less of a break with the scientific spirit than does Versteeg and he is more philosophical in his discussion. However, these books supplement each other and may very properly be read and studied together. There surely is truth in Robert's words to the Church, "If the Church is to have a renewal of life, it must begin with those who profoundly desire the renewal of their own lives and who will make common cause in companies seeking the gift of the spirit by ordered and sustained prayer." A few hours with the above five books will do much to help one understand the varied reactions of the Protestant churches to the modern world.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Behind the Blurbs

TWO OF THE MOST interesting books we have seen in some time came in to our desk this week from A. S. Barnes and Company. Both of them are about the American Indian. *The Rhythm of the Redman* by Julia M. Buttree ($5) is one of the first books we have discovered which points out and emphasizes that the Indian is essentially rhythmic in all the phases of his life. In her book Miss Buttree lays particular emphasis on the rhythm which the Indian expresses through the mediums of song, dance, and decoration. The book, which is generously illustrated, contains, in addition to a theoretical discussion of the subject, sections devoted to the actual songs and dances of the Indians giving the songs' words and music and diagrams of the progressions of many of their ritual dances. Another section is devoted to the designs used in Indian decoration showing that the entire theory of their conception is basically rhythmic. The other book is *Growing Straight* by Maud Smith Williams ($2). This one concerns itself with the system of physical education which is practiced by the American Indians, utilizing as part of its premise a system of mental control. Diagrams of exercises for breathing and posture are given and show the system to bear a marked similarity to the Yoga exercises of India. Neither of these books has any particular literary value but they should prove fascinating to students of the Indian or students of rhythm, the two subjects bearing as they do an almost inseparable relationship. One pertinent element of the Indian's creed and philosophy which so seldom seems to be recognized is clearly brought home in both of the books, that is, that the Indian considers himself a component part of the earth; rooted to it and drawing his energy, his strength, his sagacity,

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Chances, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown. A slight novel about two brothers in love with the same girl, with the War solving all problems. Reviewed June 11.

The Scarab Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner's. Good in spite of Philo Vance. Reviewed June 4.

The Selbys, by Anne Green: Dutton. An American couple and their niece are the leading characters in a gay and witty story of Paris. Reviewed April 16.

The Shepherd of Guadaloupe, by Zane Grey: Harpers. Love and feuds in New Mexico. Reviewed June 25.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams: Little Brown. A distinguished and highly readable history of America's greatest family. Reviewed June 18.

Liberty, by Everett Dean Martin: Norton. A history of liberty and a battle-cry against the tyranny of the mob. Reviewed June 25.

Mata Hari, by Thomas Coulson: Harper. The adventures of the notorious dancing spy.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. Will not be reviewed here.

Magazine Articles Recommended

The World from the Air, by Waldo Frank. Scribner's, July.

Like Maeterlinck, highly sensitized, describing at first hand the sensations and thoughts of a boxer, Mr. Frank here gives us those of a flyer. A leap across the Andes and a journey (ending at Miami) over forests, pampas, metallic mountains, and salt water are recorded in these twelve gorgeous pages. "You have clad yourself in the power of the plane: from this borrowed glory you measure the crawling creatures of the earth. But you must see them close, in order to become endowed with the contrast of your titanic greatness." On landing, "you penetrate the body of a town, which is the way to its spirit . . . . Next morning, with dawn, you are aloft once more. Your parting from the town where you have slept is like parting from a lover."

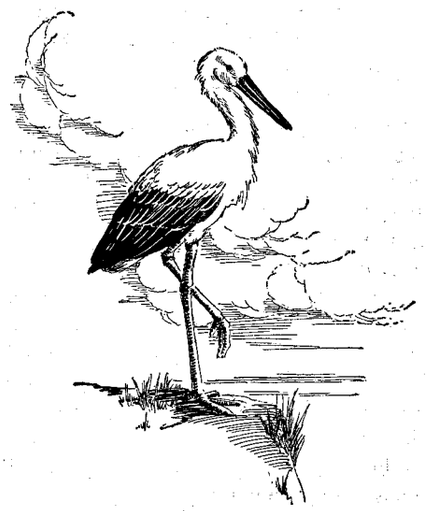
The Flight from Lipari, by Emilio Lussu. Atlantic Monthly, July.

This is the second chapter of Captain Lussu's narrative of his experiences as a political prisoner of the Fascists. He describes his life on Mussolini's penal island and how, after weary months of frustrated effort, he finally managed to escape. To date, he and his party, including Francesco Nitti, have been the only Lipari prisoners who eluded their captors.

The Thirteen-Month Calendar, a debate—George Eastman vs. Francis Nichol. Forum, July.

Revision of the calendar may be far distant, but the proposition cannot fail to interest every one. It is not, as some may think, merely a theoretical idea or one removed from consideration by the man in the street. Mr. Eastman has devoted much time and effort to advance his plan. It will, at least, provide a lively topic for conversation, or perhaps heated argument.

his instincts, his life-blood from it. When the Indian places his feet upon the earth he feels the pulse of it beat beneath him and then gradually course up through him, giving him his reason for existence and his guidance and training for survival. ☙ ☙ ☙ In *One of Us Is a Murderer*[1] we find six men and two women trapped on a tropic island waiting for the coast launch which passes once a month. Their predicament, together with the intense heat, makes this ill assorted group so irritable and overwrought, that one night one of them is found horribly strangled. Lucretia Henneshaw makes a discovery which terrifies her but which she will not disclose. Flat-foot Charley Walker disappears and the father of Jane Corliss, who went on a short jungle expedition



A drawing by Esther Brann in "Little Pilgrim to Penn's Woods" (Longmans, Green)

does not return. A dark shapeless something runs through the rooms at night before each murder and a clutching hand appears in a shaft of light. Jealousies and enmities become more marked and suspicion of each other reaches great height. Storm and gloom heighten the terrors and suspense of the climax. A good story with extra special chills for a hot night. ☙ ☙ ☙ As to Hollywood, some say it is and some say it isn't. *Queer People*[2] will make you believe that it is. It concerns the adventures in the movie colony of Whitney, a wandering newspaper reporter, who samples about everything the place has to offer, and thus discloses to you the machinery which makes the reels go round. A jazz band of a story, with plenty of swift action, and amusing even though some of the repartee is borrowed from current smokingroom stories. ☙ ☙ ☙ Gretta Palmer, who has developed into quite an expert at guiding the bewildered through the mazes of Manhattan's mammoth bazaar, has gathered all her admonitions under one cover and called it *A Shopping Guide to New York*[3]. Some of you may have discovered Miss Palmer before, in the cols. of the New York *World* or the *New Yorker*. There is no denying that she knows her New York and with an expert and common sense hand she leads you through its enchanting aisles from the sublime to the ridiculous; leads you with accuracy whether your need is the essentials of every day living or the delicacies of the "good life." Nor has she forgotten to include the bizarre: a perfumer who creates the scent suggested by your aura, a manicurist who will match Madam's evening gown, rush order dry cleaners, gentle dentists, antique furniture, Venetian glass, and what have you! It is a most interesting little book and should be of value to the New Yorker as well as to the out-of-towner. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Woman in the Shadow*[4] is romance done in the superlative by Louis Joseph Vance around an American girl adopted by a Hungarian nobleman at the time of his marriage to her mother. The mother has died many years before the story opens and the sweet young thing is left sole mistress of a great estate, to the mercy of autumn skies and loneliness. Great affection exists between the step-father and daughter but the step-father is obliged to spend his time at the capitol in connection with heavy affairs of state! The attempt to restore a king to his throne starts the yarn and the heroine, her associates, to say nothing of her aviator-lover, become entangled in the meshes of the Red Terror. Her step-father is foully murdered. There are many atrocities and hair-breadth escapes, in which high-powered cars and wolf-hounds figure. The usual escape in disguise to an old fortress up a mountain. Her aviator-lover has conveniently crashed into a tree near the mountain refuge, is severely injured and blinded, but nursed back to health through the heroine's efforts. An electrical storm is thrown in for good measure and is used to wipe-off the villain. The girl and her lover, with the aid of an outlaw, escape from the Red Terror. Stereotyped plot in which little wooden pieces for characters are moved across a "checkerboard of nights and days." ☙ ☙ ☙ In *The Flying Cromlech*[5] David Maxwell, an Irish lad, left college with a Bachelor of Arts degree and fell into a little income inherited through an uncle who conveniently died. "What must my David do then, when

(Please Turn to Page 395)

1. By Alan LeMay, Crime Club, $1.00.
2. By Carroll and Garrett; Vanguard, $2.00.
3. McBride, $2.50.
4. Lippincott, $2.50.
5. By Hugh de Blacam, Century, $2.50.

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The Movies

"The Big House"

By CREIGHTON PEET

FOR all its virtues—which include many spectacular scenes and what is undoubtedly the best account of penitentiary life yet to reach the screen—*The Big House* is not quite the real stuff. After having seen *The Last Mile* on the stage anything less terrible will seem quite idealized. In other words, *The Big House* is, for all its realism, in the usual Hollywood tradition. Men rot in "solitary," they are crowded three in a tiny cell, they rebel at poor food and finally they stage a bloody and futile riot in which army tanks are called in to batter down the doors behind which they have locked themselves—but the details of every crucial situation are passed over with typical dash and speed. You hear that the men are going to riot—and you see them armed with a quantity of revolvers, without the slightest explanation of how it all came about. You see that Chester Morris is going to substitute himself for a corpse about to be removed from the prison—but how he escapes from the hearse and how he finds clothes and money we never know. It is all very well to skip lightly from one scene to another—it is doubtless more entertaining and makes an infinitely better-looking picture. On the other hand I did not share the acute and horrible agony of mind of the inmates of the *Big House*. Their attempted escape was more of an adventure than the desperate gesture we know it to be. Wallace Beery as *Machine-Gun-Butch* does the best acting in the picture, but somehow most of his lines seem to bring a laugh. Are convicts really such witty fellows?

Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery and Leila Hyams are the other players. I do not mean to imply that *The Big House* isn't a good show—it is, but it's as far from the real thing as *What Price Glory* now seems from *All Quiet*.

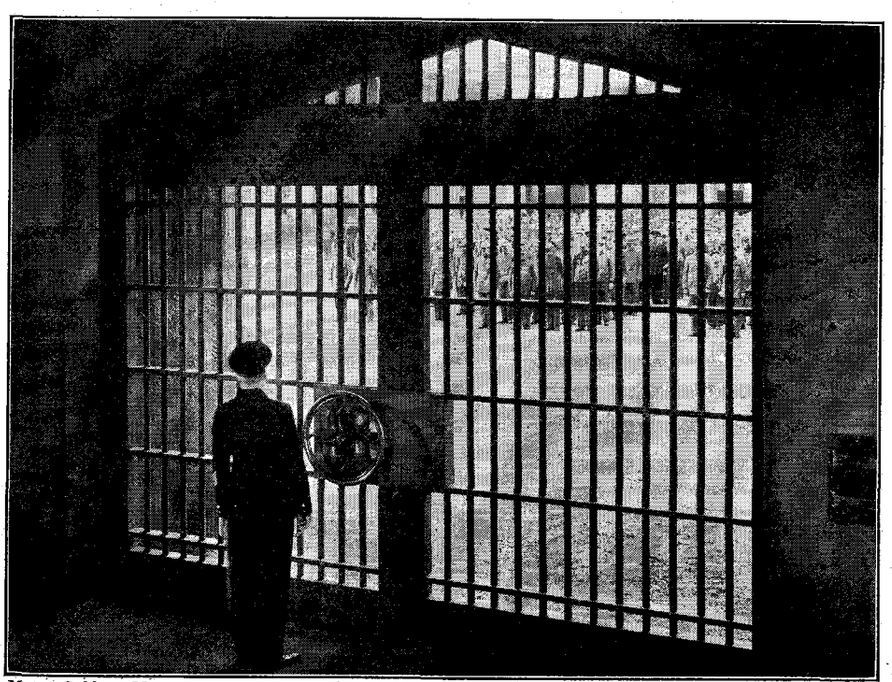
This is the fourth prison break film in two weeks, and already we have a formula. Your hero is either innocent all along, or else he miraculously reforms in the last reel; there is a jail-break and he either saves the warden's life or thwarts the escape of the others—in return for which he is granted an immediate pardon and is soon seen kissing the little woman who had Faith through it all. At no time must your hero betray his prison comrades, nor, on the other hand, must he take pot shots at the guards. This is a touchy situation, and usually necessitates his being wounded early in the riot so that he can keep out of the way of the fighting.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: London has just confirmed the American opinion that this is the finest war film ever made.
The Big Pond: Maurice Chevalier behaving like Maurice Chevalier and having a grand time doing it.
Caught Short: Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in some slapstick about the stock market. Funny in spots.
The Florodora Girl: Gay nonsense with Marion Davies dressed up as one of the sextet.
Journey's End: A faithful reproduction of the British war play. Very quiet, subdued and British.
The Silent Enemy: Fine hot-weather film about Indians struggling through snow-drifts in the Northwest.
Shadow of the Law: William Powell breaks out of jail—a good performance but hardly logical.
With Byrd at the South Pole: Excellent photographs of the antarctic made by Paramount newsreel men who accompanied Byrd. No thrills or dangers—just good pictures of animals.

Not So Good

The Bad One: Edmund Lowe breaks out of jail, gets pardoned and returns to Dolores Del Rio. Just so-so.
One Romantic Night: Lillian Gish's first talkie—unfortunately dull.



Metro-Goldeyn-Mayer

THE BIG GATES OF "THE BIG HOUSE"
A film inspired by the many recent prison riots

"Dangerous Nan McGrew"

Helen "Boop-a-doop" Kane, the girl with the perpetual pout and the great big appealing eyes, can now be seen—and with considerable amusement—in a take off on the Northwest films called *Dangerous Nan McGrew*. The story is a very flimsy affair whose chief virtue is that it gives Miss Kane a chance to sing two or three of her baby-talk songs and engage in some first-rate comedy. Miss Kane is entertaining all by herself. Unlike the old time movie comediennes Helen does not need a custard pie, a slippery staircase or badly-fitting dress. In the present instance she is a dead-shot two-gun-gal in a medicine show who captures a desperate criminal and wins a big reward.

Other New Films

The latest Zane Grey western is *The Border Legion*, which has some pleasant photography, a great deal of talk about hanging and more gunfire than a year of crime movies. The story is almost the oldest one in Hollywood.

Half way through a film called *Swing High* and a quarter the way through *Czar of Broadway* this reviewer staggered to the street blind with rage. It is cruelly insulting to ask any human thing to sit through such garbage.

Electricity, I Hear You Calling Me

The Fox press department has let it be known that a "sculptured art fountain conceived by a famous Italian sculptor," will adorn the new studio park. The fountain will have "four feminine figures symbolizing Electricity calling to Music, Art and Drama." You know, another one of those long-distance calls.

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Rockwell Kent, Inc.

By ARTHUR STRAWN

"ART is a by-product of one's enthusiasm for life," says Rockwell Kent, thereby suggesting why his own work as an artist is so varied and exciting. For Kent is probably the most spectacular figure in American art today. His personality and adventures are often front-page copy. He has earned a living as architect, grave-digger, union carpenter and lobster-man.

In 1917 he took his nine-year-old son to a lonely island off the coast of Alaska where they spent the winter in a cabin he built. Five years later the nostalgia for cold and solitary regions again assailed him. He worked his way on a freighter to the southern coast of South America. There with a Norwegian sailor he rebuilt an abandoned life-boat into a sail-boat in which at great risk of life they explored the frozen wastes of Tierra del Fuego. Last year he and two companions sailed in a thirty-three-foot craft from Labrador and crossed the Atlantic in ten days, a trip last made by Bjornson in 1000 A.D. Fifteen miles from their goal they were wrecked off Greenland.

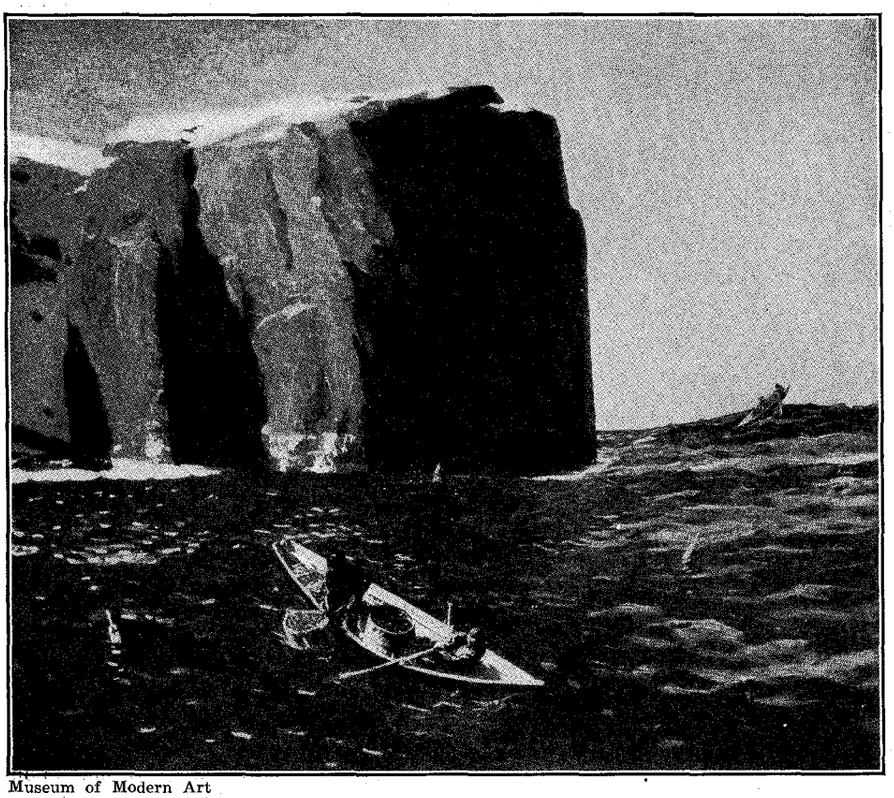
Through each of these adventures Kent painted and sketched. The beauty of the scenery, the excitement of strenuous living moved him to expression, but always, he insists, art was incidental to the adventure, and not its object. There is a stubborn quality about Kent that makes him always choose the path of most resistance. He prefers cold countries to the tropics, dangerous seas to inland security, stark mountains to comfortable plains, because in each case there is compensating joy in the conquest of obstacles.

Kent was born in Westchester County, New York, forty-seven years ago. He was a brilliant student at Columbia University's School of Architecture, but in his fourth year attended an exhibition of paintings at the Pennsylvania Academy and decided to become a painter. He studied under William Chase and Abbott Thayer. In 1905 he went to live on Monhegan Island off the coast of Maine.

"Seeing fishermen at work on an element that was terrible to me," says Kent, "I felt the necessity to restore my own self-respect by learning how to work."

He earned two dollars a day as laborer. He became a union carpenter and built his own house. During the winter he worked at lobstering, getting up before dawn, putting on frozen oil-skins, rowing out to the dory moorings,

(Please Turn to Page 392)



Museum of Modern Art

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A painting by Rockwell Kent

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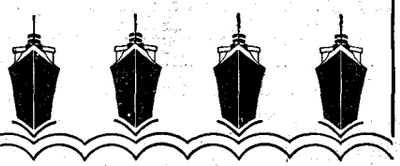

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Dream

IN THE BEGINNING he was a poor man, a peasant; born in a country that offered him no opportunity, only poverty and hard work. But he had a dream in him.

As a little boy he looked about him and saw the prosperous men of his country, the land-owners, with their gay-eyed, soft-voiced wives and their fearless, intelligent children. "Some day," he told himself passionately, "I shall have a house of my own with a wife in it who lifts her eyes beautifully to look at me, and children who wear shoes and go every day to school. For this house and family of mine I shall work hard and make a great deal of money." That was his dream. When he was not running here and there doing as he was told, he would be lost in fierce contemplation of it. He would see himself a man, rich and kind, ruling his house—directing the happiness of his family; on his own plot of ground, a king.

He loved his own country where the bright colors of flowers burned all about him in the warm sunshine, and fruits ripened low and within his reach. But even a peasant could see that such a dream of his would be impossible there. One could hope to make money only in a far country and, having succeeded, return to his own land to enjoy it.

During his youth he saved what money he could earn but when he was a little older he fell in love. He had not meant to fall in love so soon but what can a young man do? He cannot help himself; he looks at a girl one day and she is unlike anything he ever fancied—she is quick and flashing, not soft-eyed and gentle, and where he had thought she would be dutiful and quiet she is eager like himself with a will as strong and a temper quick, like his own—yet he cannot sleep at night, he can think of nothing else, he cannot help himself. So the money could not be saved so fast, for now there were two of them.

Nevertheless, when they were still older, and before the child was born, they set out together for America. Now, at last, he thought, he was about to realize his dream—he would earn money for the child that was to arrive presently—he would become rich. They stood in the steerage hand in hand and stared expectantly at the empty horizon. Her cheeks were bright with color, her eyes were lit with the same fires of excitement that smouldered in his own. Why did he ever quarrel with her? What made them ever shout and grow angry with each other? Why could they not be happy always and at peace? She was made for him. He could not live without her.

In the new country the money did not add up so quickly. As fast as he could earn a great sum it ran away from him. At first there was the child; then, when he was thinking that presently something would be saved, there was no work. Before long, when he had found work again, there was another boy and that was a great happiness; but children must be fed and there was little enough left over to buy shoes for them. He could see that he must learn patience, which he did not come by naturally, and that he must work harder than before in order to save money.

But to his great bewilderment none of these things came about. With each year he grew only more impatient, more uncertain of himself; his work seemed drudgery to him, and the money disappeared as fast as he could earn it. Was it, he asked himself, because of his wife that he did not succeed any better, because of his suspicions and their quarrels which grew worse with every day? And with every day that he brooded over it it seemed clearer that she was the cause of his unhappiness. She had never bent her will to his, never lived as he demanded, never tried to please him in anything. And yet he could not live without her.

The day came finally when she blinded him with anger and he struck her down. When his reason returned to him he could not believe it of himself. He had become a murderer on trial for his life.

THIS WAS what happened then, he told himself as he sat in prison facing a life sentence. One set out to be a great man, a king, and ended up a murderer. Ambition was not enough; to love a woman, to want children, to work was not enough. A man could live a life-time and not know himself—not know he was not fit to live—that he could kill the mother of his children. He was a young man now; he had a life-time to think about it, inside these walls.

For twenty years he thought about it without an answer. There was a war, he heard. His sons had gone. Later he heard they had been killed. Everything was over.

And then they pardoned him. He was not quite an old man and twenty years of good behavior had merited him a pardon, they told him; but on condition that he return to his own country.

Life was still ahead for him, it was pointed out with enthusiasm. He would be returning to his native land a rich man. Two thousand dollars had already accumulated from the insurance left by his two sons. And in the future he would receive from the policies of his dead boys more than one hundred dollars a month. In his own country he would be able to buy himself a house, to live there in comfort, a land-owner.

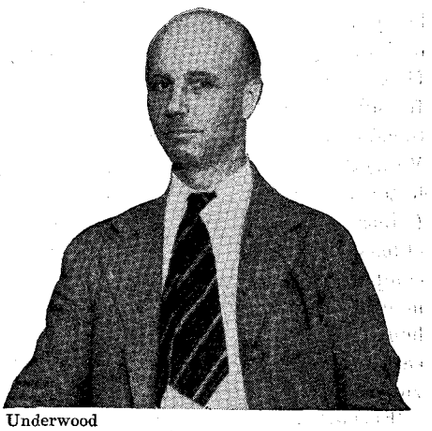
But the prisoner seemed to be staring at something his jailers could not see. He was a lucky man—what more was it that he wanted?

Rockwell Kent, Inc.

(Continued from Page 391)

chopping the ice off the gunwale and then with another man rowing out to sea as soon as the first light of morning appeared.

"I liked the cold," says Kent. "It may be that I hated it so that I got a kind of exaltation from the effort of overcoming it. I have never been quite sure that the most profound incentive of my whole life has not been overcoming that lazy, slothful sensuous being that maybe I am."



Underwood

ROCKWELL KENT

As one would expect, he is no retiring observer of life

In his spare time Kent painted. He sold two of the first three pictures he exhibited, at the National Academy show of 1905. After that he wasn't able to sell a picture for twelve years, during which he labored and painted in New Hampshire, Minnesota and Newfoundland, earning money whenever he could at well-drilling, carpentering, architecture or grave-digging, for there were now children and a wife to feed.

In 1917 Kent determined to go to

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Alaska. He needed money. He had himself incorporated for $5,000, sold shares to friends and went north. He wrote and illustrated a book of his Alaskan days, called *Wilderness*. Critics warmly praised both its literary and artistic qualities. His Alaskan paintings and sketches brought high prices. In less than a year after its issue, the artist was able to buy in all outstanding shares of Rockwell Kent Common. His journey to Tierra del Fuego produced another book, *Voyaging*, even more successful than the first. Since then Kent has illustrated a number of volumes, done advertising sketches and painted murals. His canvases hang in the foremost private collections and in many museums, such as the Metropolitan, Brooklyn, Carnegie, and Chicago Art Institute.

KENT IS OF average height, muscular, with a smooth bald head and intense grey eyes. As one would expect of a man who has braved violent seas in an open boat, he is no retiring observer of life. He has opinions and will fight for them. He writes irate letters to the newspapers, accusing the Metropolitan Museum and the National Academy of being backward, or ridiculing the idea of building Gothic churches in modern New York. He was expelled from Newfoundland during the War for refusing to shout for the Allies. When Sacco and Vanzetti were executed he wrote a sharp letter of resignation to the Worcester (Mass.) Museum. A few years ago he climaxed a quarrel with a steamship company by obtaining a writ of attachment which delayed an ocean liner four hours in New York harbor, while the captain cursed and officials raved. Obviously, Kent thrives on opposition.

Recently he built himself a home on a farm in the Adirondacks where he can work uninterrupted by distractions of a crowded community. But as long as there are cold, wild places on the earth and dangerous adventures to be endured in reaching them, Rockwell Kent's home will probably be only a temporary resting place, a workshop where he throws off the by-products of his enthusiasm for strenuous living.

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Lazy Americans

(Continued from Page 371)

find a fitting background. Whether he settled somewhere along the Ohio or further inland in Kentucky, Indiana, or Illinois; whether he stayed there or went on beyond the Mississippi after another generation, he cleared his ground, collected his dogs and children about the cabin, sat, smoked, and talked—he talked, by all the evidence, infinitely. He had a boundless curiosity about all those who came by his cabin door, and he satisfied it between puffs of his meditative pipe. He worked hard as a matter of fact; but the work was of that kind which is necessary to sustain life; there was time left over for the leisure we sigh about today.

The chief pleasure he took was in living outside the spheres of competition. Back home there had been a compact society; that had involved competition, which in turn had involved the necessity of applying one's wits. The American had his wits, all right, but he preferred in so many cases to take them where they could wander unapplied in a raw environment. The traveler along the frontier found the frontiersman shrewd and amusing; but no one, I think, will claim that he and his kind ever achieved any special rigor in their thinking. We have always been lazy thinkers. Hence our good nature, which comes from a sense that everything will turn out all right somehow, and from an indisposition to measure either friends or strangers by too exacting a standard. There is always felt to be room elsewhere for whoever wishes to move on. This has now ceased to be the case, geographically speaking; yet the assumption is still beneath many of our manners. There is the assumption that our energy, which of course is real, can be exercised more easily in some enterprise which is not the enterprise that faces us. To exercise it upon that would mean to solve some complex problems at once; better run away and work hard, if hard work must be done, in unembarrassed air. Europeans, who grow up in the expectation that life will be found all but impossible, early contract the habit of thinking about existence in terms of its difficulty. Our habits encourage us to think of it in terms of the ease with which it could be experienced under a new set of conditions. American students who go to English and European universities are regularly found to be intelligent but ill-trained. They know a good deal, it is true, but their reading has not been organized. They have not the habit of keeping their thoughts close to the central subject. They have not been used to solving problems.

THE typical American today, at least in legend, is the go-getter. He used to be, perhaps in legend too, the cracker-box philosopher. He sat on a rickety crate before a country store, or if it was winter sat inside behind the stove, drawling forth his comments upon life. These comments were amusing chiefly for their miscellaneity, and for a random kind of shrewdness. There was no system behind them; they merely took up the phases of existence that happened to pass along Main Street, one by one, according to the chances of the day. But their tenor, when they had a tenor, was somewhat cynical, or at any rate skeptical. Now we have set up another image of ourselves. But it is significant that in our humor we preserve the old flavor; in our moments of relaxation we return to the kind of voice we like best to hear. Through all the din of American life comes still the mild, mocking message of Artemus Ward, which I think we like because it reminds us of what we truly are. We still worship Mark Twain, who also drawled, and whose best creations in fiction were indolent, disreputable boys and men. The list of such authors is long and important. Abe Martin, Don Marquis, and Mr. Dooley have succeeded Artemus Ward and Mark Twain in a direct line. We find them precious because we find them true. So in our villages and cities we value the "characters" among us who, whether lean or fat, and they may be either, take their time when they talk, and talk long about life in the slouch of its original undress. We forgave Calvin Coolidge a great deal in view of the fact that he somehow represented this tradition. Little as he said on any particular occasion, he found, I have been told, more occasions to talk than most presidents have. The sum of his words while in office almost makes him out to have been loquacious. And he had the proper accent—a slow, indifferent, Yankee accent, fashioned to comment shrewdly, yet none too responsibly, upon life.

I have not meant to give the impression that the lazy American is an unattractive person. Indeed I like him very much, for I like laziness. The shiftlessness which the pioneer communities worked so hard to eradicate from their midst, and did not succeed in eradicating, was nevertheless often more pleasant to contemplate than the insistent show of virtue which opposed it. So now, in many a small town of America, the good-for-nothings who are the scandal of the place are often good for a great deal. Theirs is a genuine grace, an authentic indolence. They perhaps react to our clear, bright, enervating skies as human beings were intended by nature to react. For all I know the great and complicated bustle into which we have driven ourselves is a national mistake. At least I have a certain pity for the young man who listens too eagerly to the inspirational lecturer whose education was derived from Elbert Hubbard. He is being fooled, perhaps; he is being taught to play a game which is not the national game. The country is deceiving itself, and wasting an awesome amount of strength in useless activity. It had better remember the cracker-barrel. It does, of course, with a kind of furtive joy. It had better remember Thoreau, who in *Walden* preached the art of doing nothing—nothing except sitting out in front of one's cabin and contemplating one's soul under the blue sky. It does, of course, remember Thoreau also; *Walden* is a classic. We call its author crazy, but we hug him to our bosoms anyhow. And we should.

In This Issue

KARL MENNINGER is a specialist in psychiatry and abnormal psychology and director of the Menninger Psychiatric Hospital and Sanitarium at Kansas City. Among the many medical and psychological associations of which Dr. Menninger is a member are the American Medical Association, the American Psychiatric Association, of both of which he is a fellow, the New York Neurological Society and the Academy of Medicine. Dr. Menninger will be known to many of our readers as the author of *The Human Mind.*

MARK VAN DOREN is well known as an author and editor. In 1914 he was graduated from the University of Illinois, later taking his Ph.D. at Columbia University where he is now serving as a member of the English faculty. Mr. Van Doren is also literary editor of *The Nation.* Among his several books are *Spring Thunder and Other Poems* and *American and British Literature since 1890.*

ALLEN PEDEN is a resident of Texas and editor of the *Houston Gargoyle.* Mr. Peden is actively interested in politics, particularly in Texas. His article, "Texas Free-For-All," explains the unusual situation underlying the Democratic gubernatorial primary.

LOUIS STARK is a member of the staff of the New York *Times* for which he has long specialized in labor and social conditions. Mr. Stark's most recent contributions to the Outlook and Independent have been "Old at Forty" and "Are Labor Unions Destructive?"

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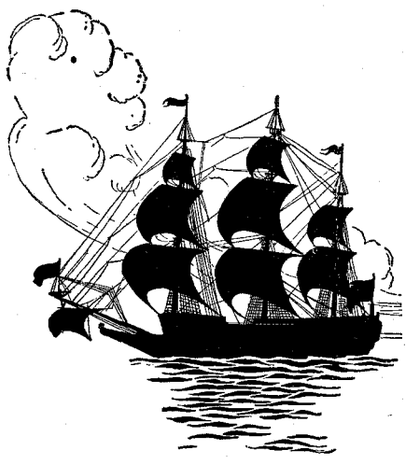
Behind the Blurbs

(Continued from Page 389)

college days were ended, but hie him to Paris, there to study the arts of brush and pencil. . . ." The author seems to have an affectionate regard for his David which somehow the reader fails to share. During David's stay in Paris he meets a party of Irish tourists, among them Sorcha, she of the flaming mane, who proves, in the course of but an hour's conversation, to be the reason for everything. Then just at that point she disappears. Knowing her only as Sorcha and armed with a snapshot of her and "incurable romanticism of youth," he seeks her through the length and breadth of his native Ireland. From here on the story is composed of episodes in the seeking; is a kind of walking tour through what would seem a highly imaginative Ireland, sprinkled with Irish types—also highly imaginative. Of course David finds his Sorcha on the last page—within a stone's throw of his own home! ☙ ☙ ☙ Those of you who are interested in ships—when they were ships—are doubtless already acquainted with Peter Adams and his book, *Clipper Ships*[6] which was published the early part of this year. Mr. Adams has now finished another called *Racing Yachts*[7]. Each of these books contains a complete history of the type of ship it is about and pictures of the various historic yachts and clippers which Mr. Adams has done in cork models. Although these books are designed to assist boys and girls in making cork models of ships—each chapter being concluded with a set of directions for construction—they will prove fascinating to any lover of ships regardless of his age. ☙ ☙ ☙ *A Satchel Guide to Spain and Portugal*[8] comes just at a time when travel-helps are in order. No one could ask for more compact and comprehensive a guide than this little book is, covering as it does every corner of the two countries and providing you with all the information you could possibly need whether it be historical background or the mere mechanics of travel, the smooth operation of which can either make or break your trip. It is evident from this splendid guide that the authors have made a long and intimate study of the Iberian Peninsula and that they know whereof they speak. Incidentally the book is a handy little size to stick in one's pocket or hand bag.

BERNICE WHITTEMORE.



From "Little Pilgrim to Penn's Woods" (Longmans, Green)

6. Dutton, $1.25.
7. Dutton, $1.25.
8. By W. D. & S. G. Crockett, Houghton, Mifflin, $4.00.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of July 5, 1950

The Professional Authors League against Unfair Competition endorsed House Bill No. 365 to pay an annual pension of $24,000 to expresidents of the United States.

The spokesman of the White Collar Workers Union, Chicago Chapter, complained to the Federal Noise Abatement Commission that the new Speedo 6-ply presto-riveting process employed in the construction of the Austin tower made office work impossible.

A statement by the secretary of the National Sportsmen's Association declared: "I see no reason why the art of boxing should be permitted to die out simply because in the early nineteen-thirties it became so thoroughly discredited that by 1935 every state in the Union had passed anti-boxing laws."

The two most important items of business transacted last week by the New York Board of Aldermen were a fifty per cent lay-off of Plant and Structure employees and a salary increase for departmental executives.

Texas Free-For-All

(Continued from Page 382)

burners, but neither are they seriously concerned with the major evils of the existing governmental situation in America. Their prominence as business men is great enough to attract sizeable blocks of votes which might otherwise have been enlisted in the more important fight of loyalty versus disloyalty, liberalism versus reaction.

There is, furthermore, the very grave danger, that with a field so scattered, the two high candidates who will enter the second, or run-off, primary may be drawn from three such individuals as Maw Ferguson, Mayfield and Love. All three of them can count on a dismayingly large number of votes from their former supporters, while the remaining entries are splitting the much larger total of responsible votes the traditional forty ways from election. In which case, Texas Democrats may once more be faced with a situation fully as distasteful, if not more so, than that which brought about Maw Ferguson's first election. Liberals must content themselves with the thought that in so thoroughly disorganized a goulash, their friend Young will have as good a chance to come out on top as the next one, especially since he will receive pretty solidly the support of those leaders most active in Al Smith's behalf two years ago.

DAN MOODY

However the Texas situation may work itself out, for the moment, the main proposition should not be forgotten. The young men and women of the young South are at last on their toes and striving anxiously to rid their states of the witch-burning *incubi* which have wearied their shoulders overlong. The defeat of a Simmons and a Cannon, the barring of a Heflin, must not be construed as simply a display of party orthodoxy or vengeance, but as part of a very definite and genuine movement to create a liberal Democracy in the South which may join a liberal Democracy in the East.

Two; On the Aisle

(Continued from Page 369)

rumored that the bootblack of one of the well known actors' clubs is leaving because the members cannot afford his services.

THE MANAGERS have only themselves to blame. Their failure to redress grievances promptly forced the unionization of their employes from stage hands to authors. For their lack of genuine organization to protect their property they have suffered the "gyp" and the dishonest box office treasurer. Acting like prima donnas, they have re-

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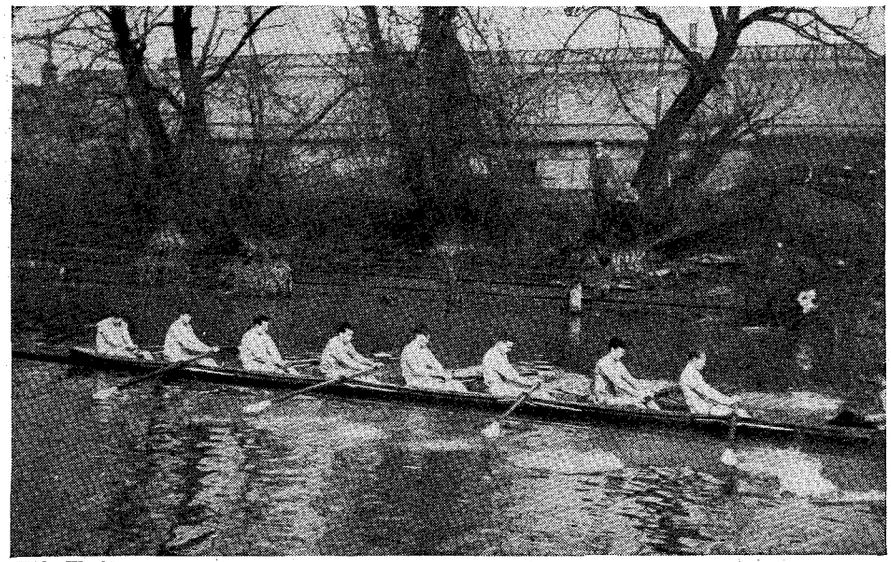

Wide World

WORKOUT

Cornell's varsity eight on Lake Cayuga

fused to play together in assuring the public fair priced seats. If Ziegfeld spent a king's ransom to produce an elaborate musical show, the manager who spent half that amount demanded that the public pay him Ziegfeld prices. Many excellent $3 musical shows have failed because they asked $6 for a seat. Yet even Ziegfeld "jammed them in" when he dropped his price from $6 to $5 for his latest show, *Simple Simon.*

Is the theatre a racket? Figure it out for yourself. However you may feel, there is one thing certain: the entrepreneurs cannot be accused of moving with celerity towards a solution of their problems by joint conference and co-operative effort—unless the New York Theatre League is the beginning of an era of reform.

To Yale, the Trident

(Continued from Page 385)

It must be said that Ed Wray showed canny foresight in equipping his crew for the anticipated rough water. His shell had swamped the previous year. The silver moustached Australian did not propose to risk a repetition. With shrewd ingenuity, Wray devised a novel "spray-break," a gadget that may revolutionize rough water rowing. His device consisted of canvas "wings." They filled in the triangular spaces formed by the outriggers, and effectively reduced the amount of water shipped. Such painstaking preparation deserved success.

Maturity—a factor in athletic triumphs which has not been given its proper due—likewise contributed to the Ithacan triumph. Cornell's crew was the oldest as well as the heaviest eight on the Hudson, averaging two years older than any other shell's personnel save Washington.

Age yields a poise, a calm, quiet assurance lacking in the callow youngster. Although Bob Wilson was the youngest stroke oar on the Hudson, Cornell boasted an eight averaging 23 years. Butler at number 2 is twenty-five and bald-headed Pete McManus, number 5, has seen his twenty-ninth birthday.

A picturesque character this McManus, a rawboned, unsophisticated farmer boy from the little town of Highland on the Hudson. While trimming fruit vines, he used to gaze enviously at the sun-bronzed oarsmen flicking their gossamer-like shells down stream, little dreaming that he would one day sit in a victorious crew. At the age when most boys are establishing themselves in business, McManus matriculated in Cornell's agricultural college.

Observation train spectators identified the Cornell shell by McManus' bald pate. It shone like Yorick's skull under that tropical sun. The race over, McManus packed away his rowing tackle in the ramshackle boathouse that once housed Pop Courtney's invincibles, bade his mates goodbye and trudged stolidly up the steep bluff to his father's peach orchard. Could any Frank Merriwell fiction writer match this yarn from real life?

Stroke oar Wilson's rise to varsity rating was even more remarkable. Wilson never saw a racing shell until he entered Cornell. At Montclair High School he confined his activities to amateur theatricals. Scholastic athletics knew him not, yet here, in embryo, was the pace setter of a Poughkeepsie regatta winner! Blond-haired Wilson didn't know he was to stroke the varsity until two days before the race. As understudy to Captain Shoemaker, Wilson got his chance when the former fell ill.

Preliminary regatta form went haywire on the Hudson, much to the discomfiture of those experts who had picked Cornell, Syracuse and M. I. T. to finish among the also-rans. Critics of rowing agreed that Washington and Navy would scrap it out for first place, with California and Columbia as live contenders.

Form is usually dependable in crew racing, but this was one of those delightful exceptions which help fan the spark of hope in the breast of the underdog. Neither boat races nor battles are won on paper.

Wide World

THE BLUE WINS

An aerial view of the recent Yale-Harvard race on the Thames

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Pseudoanalysis

(Continued from Page 365)

cumstances, by free associations, which he had formerly forgotten. In the audience, for example, he might remember, were his wife and a Miss X., who reminded him of a childhood friend of

his, a little girl named Alice. From this he might also turn up into his conscious mind a childhood experience he had shared with Alice. One day, in a room with a locked door, they had disrobed. It was the first time either of the children had seen a member of the opposite sex nude. The whole incident was heavily accompanied by a sense of guilt and fear.

He would then confess to the analyst —who has also, perhaps, come by this time, to represent society to him, as did the social gathering in his dream—that he had been tacitly unfaithful to his wife, and had suffered pangs of conscience really dating back to and linked up with his childhood "sins." His dream thus combined the wish to confess to his wife, and to be square with society.

This is a comparatively uncomplicated dream. The amateur who does dream interpreting rates, at the hands of intelligent persons, complete inattention, or ridicule. Such practices are muddleheaded and comic in the extreme. No self-respecting psychoanalyst or psychiatrist would indulge in so undignified, so uncertain or so untruthful a procedure.

THERE IS almost as much nonsense talked about homosexuality as there is about dream interpretation. To the lay mind, I suppose, it seems a sensational and morbid subject. To the psychiatrist it is just another divergence from the normal, by no means the most alarming, and frequently curable. Certain sections of the metropolitan populace are all agog to show their discrimination in this regard. A woman in a strictly tailored suit, with tailored shirt and striped tie, walks into a restaurant. "Look at that Lesbian!" whispers Millicent to Mabel. This, of course, by no means follows.

The study and discussion of abnormal psychology by the laity has caused homosexuality to be grossly exaggerated by portions of the population, and fiercely underestimated by other portions. There are no statistics on this subject, but homosexuality is probably as frequent as epilepsy, although not nearly so serious.

For what Freud and his followers have firmly established is that we all have homosexual components—"we normals," and that there are many gradations of homosexuality. More homosexuality is unconscious than conscious; more cases are non-physical than physical. There is the passive type who enters into a love affair with a person of the same sex as a poor substitute for a satisfactory heterosexual affair, which, for some reason, is impossible of achievement. There is the active homosexual who has identified himself, in babyhood and childhood, with a parent of the opposite sex, because the parent of his own sex was so weak or so brutal, or drunken, or in some other way physically ugly, that identification became extremely distasteful.

To treat this special divergence from the normal with horror is to be ignorant, smug and self-righteous. People who make pariahs of homosexuals have a decided kinship with witchburners—the difference is in degree rather than kind. Usually those so bitterly contemptuous of homosexuals are struggling with their own unconscious tendencies in the same direction.

Frigidity is a very common symptom in women. One of the results, perhaps one of the causes, of the civilization we have developed is a tendency toward sexual renunciation. To say that a woman is frigid because of an unhappy marriage is usually inaccurate. Marriage, or contact with any individual after maturity, is almost never the primary cause of nervous trouble, though it is frequently the cause of certain symptoms which make the trouble perceptible or acute. Before we leave this subject, we might say that impotence in men is the equivalent to frigidity in women, and is more frequent than is generally conceded to be the case.

THE last word on this very incomplete list defines the great conceptual error of the laity about Freudian theory. The drunk who toasted "Another little inhibition won't do us any harm," had much more in common with Freud than he realized.

The most vicious practice of the pseudoanalyst is his glorification of uninhibited self-indulgence. No real psychoanalyst ever advocated anything like that. It is only the abysmally ignorant who accuse psychoanalysts of believing that self-control is the genesis of the neuroses and therefore a kind of modern Mephistopheles. Quite the contrary is true. Freud no more advocated promiscuous indulgences in sex than he did promiscuous indulgences in eating. Actually, the Freudian thesis defines the neurotic patient—the person so mentally ill that he requires treatment—as one who is failing to maintain his inhibitions, and needs help in mastering his escaping desires.

These, then, are the high points of the slapstick comedy—Pseudoanalysis. The ironists and satirists who like to see life as a grand show, where tragedy only accentuates comedy—and there is plenty of pie-throwing—are probably having a grand time observing it. But those of us who have a real affection for the human kind must feel that the show is truly sad, its irony a little hateful.

For statistics tell us that one out of every twenty of us, is, has been, or will at sometime be, in a hospital for mental disease. A real consideration of psychoanalysis—and the general modern findings about mental disease—would be salutary and extremely logical to our time and place.

A GENERAL realization that the abnormal is usually more interesting than dangerous, that the abnormal gives variety and tang to human existence, that, at worst, it is a wildly exaggerated growth of some universal human tendency, would bring tolerance, wisdom, and a decidedly increased enjoyment of social contacts. Such new, such literate,

human understanding would not only result in a decrease of mental illness. It would be, I think, the first step toward an educational system which might make peace more than a word in modern existence.

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With Our Readers

Sailors Ashore

To the Editor of the *New York*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—I have read with a great deal of interest an article appearing in the April 30th issue of the Outlook and Independent under the caption, "The Unredeemables," and I feel from my long experience and knowledge of merchant seamen that I must call to your attention the unfairness which such an article presents to the public mind.

I know as a fact and am ready to present the evidence that not five per cent of our merchant seamen could by any stretch of the imagination be placed in a class such as is described by the writers of the article in question. Most of our merchant seamen follow the sea because it is appealing and not as a last resort or because it presents an opportunity for seamen to eat. These men do not leave their ships in any great numbers when coming into port and when they do so it is usually because they desire a short time ashore in which to carry out some legitimate enterprise for their own advancement or a protection for their future.

Since we are maintaining Seamen's Institutes in most of our American seaports I feel free to state that during the past year we have deposited for safekeeping $765,362.38, the hard earned wages of these men, which is self-evident that when coming ashore they do not squander their earnings in the speakeasies along the waterfront. Throughout the hours of each day and far into the night our reading rooms are overcrowded with thousands of seamen who sit about quietly reading the best magazines obtainable. . . During the past year it has been our privilege to distribute among our merchant seamen 83,922 books and 325,474 magazines.

Our nautical schools which are maintained in several Institutes, have a splendid enrollment of these men, all seeking a raise of grade or an extension of route, which contradicts the statement that they merely went to sea because there was nothing else to do and not with any desire of advancement or permanency. A very small percentage of our merchant seamen are willing to visit the speakeasies and indulge in the poisonous liquor which they know is being sold, and although few seamen are enthusiastic about prohibition, nevertheless it is a fact that most seamen are temperance advocates. This is at least true in our American seaports.

In our Institute in this great port of New York, where actual count has revealed that in a single day more than twelve thousand men have passed through our lobby, not more than six of these men have been ejected for drunkenness and there are times when the number of ejections will not exceed two or three individuals.

I am presenting to you these disjointed facts in order that you may see that the article which appeared in the Outlook of April 30th has done injustice to that vast host of merchant seamen who are ashore in our American seaports every day. It does describe the condition both of body and mind of the few and I would say the few should be considered not as representative of our merchant seamen but of that element which is found in every community, mentally unfit to comprehend the better things in life and physically incapable of advancement.

WILLIAM T. WESTON.

(General Secretary, Seamen's Church Institute of America)

Popular Portraits

To the Editor of the *New York*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—I wish to thank you for the recent portraits of publishers that appeared in your magazine. I was especially pleased by Mr. Louis Adamic's article about E. Haldeman-Julius. I hope that others as good are to follow.

JOHN CARMODY.

Difference of Opinion

To the Editor of the *Vergennes, Vt.*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—I have just read "Voltaire from Kansas," a portrait of E. Haldeman-Julius, by Louis Adamic. I note that Mr. Adamic informs us that the sale of Joseph McCabe's fifty odd pamphlets on religious controversy have reached 5,000,000 copies. In listing the titles of some of these pamphlets he includes "Did Jesus Ever Live?" and follows it with this note in parenthesis, "showing that he didn't."

Why should Mr. Adamic attempt explanatory notes on a book he has obviously never read. Mr. McCabe's pamphlet is a perfectly fair presentation of the actual historical evidence in existence, and his carefully reasoned conclusion is that Jesus of Nazareth did live, that he was of the order of Essene monks and that he was put to death for blasphemy.

One suspects that Mr. Adamic carelessly concluded that Joseph McCabe, being one of the best known agnostic writers, was bound to answer the question in the negative. If he reasoned thus, to my mind he did Mr. McCabe an injustice. I have read every one of the fifty pamphlets referred to and have been impressed by the author's manifest desire to present both sides with absolute impartiality.

I would suggest to Mr. Adamic that he should read books before he attempts to offer comments.

WOODBURN HARRIS.

British Rule in India

To the Editor of the *Las Cruces, N. M.*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—As an interested and constant reader of your magazine I regret that it should feel compelled to follow the mob in regard to India, about which few Americans (quite naturally) are capable of forming any rational idea.

India is not a nation, never has been a nation, and never can be . . . Every one who knows anything about the mess of conflicting races inhabiting her vast country concedes that British rule has been very beneficent, with the one exception that they have entertained ideas altogether too idealistic concerning the practical possibilities of the many they have educated to be "white-collar" men.

Independence, as Mr. Britten Austin remarks in one of the few sane and understanding articles printed in this country, is merely "a vague label for a multitude of conflicting ambitions, jealousies, hatreds" and other equally noble sentiments. India a nation heroically struggling to be free! If we did not know that America—with the possible exception of England—is the most sentimental country in the civilized world, such ignorance might be a bit appalling . . .

British tyranny has also made a mistake by doing its kindly and generous best to diminish losses by disease, famines and war, thus unwittingly encouraging over-fecundity; thus the vicious circle. Nevertheless the British have gradually decreased the number of horrible practices for generations in vogue among differing races, but only by the exercise of extreme tact and patience . . .

This India, as Mr. Britten Austin truly remarks, is actually a huge continent, running over with tribes and races many of whom hate one another with the hate of hell, who speak several different languages or dialects, are devotees of opposing religions, and over most of whom the juggernaut of caste rolls mercilessly. Already internecine warfare, if such it may be called, is making serious trouble for British and native police. How are Gandhi, Mrs. Naidu et al. going to tackle these millions of mixed races? That is, should the British grow weary of all this fuss and abandon the troublesome job.

The rich and powerful Maharajahs must not be overlooked. The Maharajah of Bengal, together with ninety others, is backing the British to the last ditch, asserting that they alone can avert chaos, and that the benefits they have conferred on the various races, not omitting the seventy-five per cent of ignorant and superstitious peasantry, cannot be computed.

E. N. LEWIS.

High Hurdles

To the Editor of the *Montclair, N. J.*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—Mark Barr and your note in the issue of the 11th instant arouse a responsive chord in one who had noted with gratification the hiatus to which your correspondent referred.

Of course, since that woman first kissed the cow there has been no accounting for tastes and far be it from me to urge anything that might renew the annoyance experienced by your correspondent. However, it has often been on my mind to ask if it would be possible to place the "witty" (?) "Through a Glass Darkly" and also the "Remarkable Remarks" where they would not cut the thread of other matter. You must have at least some other subscribers of such mentality as to find it difficult—and, therefore, annoying—to take the hurdles erected by these intruding columns.

In view of the futuristic label of the dark glass witticisms might it not be appropriate to place them at the end either of "Looking Forward" or "The Trend of Events." Surely it would please your correspondent to know definitely where he could locate his cherished "notes," and perhaps the same or some other reader would appreciate an equally definite location for the "Remarkable Remarks."

WILLIAM B. EWING.

Substitute for Prohibition

To the Editor of the *Grand Haven, Mich.*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—It is my opinion that any move to set aside the terms of the Eighteenth Amendment should carry with it some constructive substitute. Without this he would land in a state of chaos. It will be much more difficult to bring about its repeal than it will to prevail on Congress to submit to the states an amendment to the Eighteenth Amendment, as follows:

"Section 1. After one year from the ratification of this Article, the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited," *except by the Federal Government and its duly authorized agents.*

This would be a very simple means of placing the control of liquor in the hands of the representatives of the people (Congress) and most any form of government control could be tried out. Congress could enact laws which would allow each state to deal with its problem independently, if necessary. Out of it all could come a vast revenue which would help solve the tax burden that threatens our economic existences today.

In the Outlook editorial of February 12, 1930 is this statement: "Basically the Amendment violates the fundamental purpose of the Constitution." I subscribe to this thought, but would add another argument in support of that statement. The basis of the Constitution is contained in the preamble, "We the people of the United States in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, etc." The Eighteenth Amendment seems clearly to contravene the provision "to establish justice." The Eighteenth Amendment is an unjust mandate in that it prohibits the manufacture, sale and transportation of liquor for beverage purposes, but does not prohibit the purchase, possession or consumption. Philosophically, that is obviously unjust. Legally it appears to be sound, otherwise the Supreme Court no doubt would have declared its adoption illegal.

The writer was a member of the Michigan Senate in 1919 and as such voted to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment on the theory that since our State had voted for state prohibition it must favor National prohibition. I think a mistake was made in the hysteria of the post war period and the desire to abolish the rotten saloon and its grip on Government. If Congress has the courage to resubmit this question to the states along the lines I have suggested, I believe the people can be depended upon to correct the mistake.

WILLIAM M. CONNELLY.

Failing Bootleggers

To the Editor of the *Pittsburgh*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—In your leading article on June 11th, "Those Dirty Crooks," I am unable to find a basis for your editorial comment that this story would convince any fair minded man that prohibition is demoralizing "American character and society."

The story is simply an oft repeated one of the failure of bootlegging. It shows how bootleggers hate prohibition and thus contradicts the

(Please Turn to Page 400)

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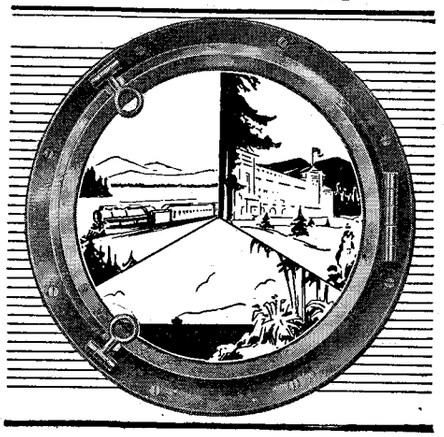

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OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

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With Our Readers

(Continued from Page 398)

statement of your correspondent, Elmer L. Houck, in the same issue, who says that bootleggers want prohibition to remain "for they are making more money than they ever made in their lives." Against this the bootlegger whom you quote says, "I'm through with bootlegging because there isn't any money in it, or at least enough money to pay for the risks." What are these risks? Nothing but the constant peril of arrest and punishment under a law which you are constantly declaring is not enforced and never can be. The same testimony came from Remus, "the king of bootleggers," and has just come from another large bootlegger in this county.

The story also shows that bootlegging is carried on by the degenerate classes of society. The high school lads who went into it had become dangerous to society before they associated with "Those Dirty Crooks." Decent Americans are becoming ashamed of trading with such degenerates and soon the magazines will refuse their story a leading place.

Incidentally, we learn from the article several things the wets refuse to believe; that drinkers are not getting good liquor—"I never tasted or saw real Scotch;" that the bootlegger does not grow rich—"I do not know a man in the business who has been able to keep his profits;" that the drinking in office buildings is far less than supposed—in eight stories he had only thirty customers.

W. WOFFORD T. DUNCAN.

Coals of Fire

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Corpus Christi, Texas*

SIR—In view of the fact that you favor the defeat of prohibition "which is plainly in sight," I suggest that you devote all the space on the "With Our Readers" page to the kind of letters written by Eugene W. Mendenhall and Fred G. Mahler, which appeared in last issue of your fine magazine; all those challenging, thou-shalt-not type of letters are worth their weight in diamonds to the wet cause. I have read everything you have printed about Bishop Cannon and I would like to have Mr. Mendenhall mention the issue in which you abused this religious agitator who during the past few weeks has done more for the wet cause than any other man or organization in America.

JOHN W. WALSH.

"Vociferous and Unconscionable Enemies"

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *St. Paul*

SIR—...I have watched with increasing apprehension your wavering editorial policy concerning the principle of prohibition. Wishing to be broad-minded, I felt willing to grant to you what I highly value myself, the right of personal opinion, but I am now forced to the conclusion that the Outlook is no longer a weekly journal for all patriotic citizens, but it has become an unequivocal special pleader and ironic propagandist of an ignoble principle which is most obnoxious to many fellow-citizens, and has allied itself with those obsessed atavists who are determined to nullify the Constitution of the United States, and bring back the execrable days of the licensed alcoholic beverage system. There is not an issue of your paper in which there are not derogatory and invective statements concerning the noble cause of prohibition and its sincere supporters. It would seem as if your journal had no other objective and that you had forgotten that there might reasonably be two sides to this question. You seem now to have only one string to your once versatile harp, and its discordant and rasping tones indicate that it is horribly out of tune.

I have made up my mind that I do not have to submit to your treasonable utterances every time I open your once highly valued paper. I now think it is a palpable betrayal of the fine patriotic principle of temperance for any prohibitionist to continue to help to finance and to strengthen the arm of a sheet which has taken an inimical and defiant attitude towards an amendment to the Constitution which in the end would make a sober and happy and prosperous and righteous nation. I am reluctantly driven to the conclusion that you do not care for such as I in your clientele, or you would not repeatedly insult our intelligence and our patriotic ideals. You are evidently preferring the bad company of lawbreakers in general.

By your persistent policy of truculent and vituperative wet propaganda you have made it impossible for even liberal minded people, who strongly believe in the dictum, "think and let think," to stay any longer with you. You may not need us, but you need us more than we need you. There is no implication of a boycott here—but in these days, when many magazines and even metropolitan dailies are being merged or are going out of existence, you can hardly afford to lose long-time loyal friends. So far as I am personally concerned I cannot any longer support vociferous and unconscionable enemies of my country, my home, my Church and my fellowmen.

Your argument concerning the saloon is most specious. Whoever heard of liquor people denouncing the saloon before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted? Oh, it was the poor man's club, wasn't it? Now you agree that it is suspect and the sum of all infamies, do you not? Its possible return is not "a bogey" or "an old wives' tale," as you sarcastically suggest. How ingenuous you must be when you think that the brewers and distillers are not expecting a return of something like the saloon with all of its old-time perfidies. If the deadly stuff is again licensed, it will be sold, won't it? The return of the saloon is a foregone diabolism. You cannot pull the wool over the eyes of sensible patriots.

(Right Rev.) CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE.

Unfair to the Irish

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

SIR—I like the courage of your magazine, but permit me to say I could not relish that old reprint of a bogus saloon with fine old Irish names—women's at that—as given in Punch years ago. It is not fair to the many Irish women, and why pick on the Irish, I wonder? They never had a monopoly of the drinking business.

Somehow, while it may have been funny to others, I can't see why a high class magazine like the Outlook had to dig it up.

SISTER FELICITA.

A Rose by Any Other Name

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Madison, Wis.*

SIR—The only proposal that the wets have made that is worth consideration is that the Eighteenth Amendment shall be repealed and the prohibition question left with each state to decide, with the federal government to protect the dry states from encroachments by the liquor interests in the wet states.

Do you realize what a job that would be? Hard as it is now for the federal government to guard the national borders, it would be ten times harder to guard the borders of the wet states. Then, when you permit the liquor traffic to entrench itself in even half a dozen states, you establish a political power that would be well nigh irresistible.

Congressman Michelson's proposal to leave the entire matter up to Congress would have been welcomed by the drys before prohibition, but now it's only a backward step. If the liquor issue is a political question now, it would be ten times as great an issue under that scheme.

No, granting all the arguments advanced by the wets against prohibition, they haven't proposed a plan of any kind that would not be open to all the objections of prohibition, and many others in addition. All this talk about repealing the Eighteenth Amendment in the interests of true temperance, and the assurance that the restoration of the saloon would not follow such repeal is mere bunk and balderdash, and isn't fooling the people one whit. Probably the name saloon, would not be used, but a skunk by any other name would stink just as loud.

WM. C. DEAN.

Amen Corner

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Charlottesville, Va.*

SIR—No, I do not want the Outlook any longer. You are only giving Hell Brew and I refuse to drink it. The Devil is now running your magazine. God have mercy on you.

JAMES M. ROGERS.

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